No More Parades? *Murray Kempton*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

May 30, 1964, 35 cents

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Terror-Struck Children

"All over this country every year hundreds of children are brutally assaulted and many of them killed – in their own homes at the hands of their parents. . . . Hundreds of children are beaten, cut, burned, strangled, suffocated and drowned."

ROBERT COLES

As the Hucksters See Us

"Robert Moses' New York World's Fair of 1964 doesn't project new visions of a brave new world. . . . It only reflects, in a billion-dollar surrealist distortion mirror, what huckster greed and hard-sell free enterprise does to us all over the land."

WOLF VON ECKARDT

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Congress at Fault

★ In Washington the Great Anachronism is Congress. Six new books on Congress have just been issued. America is worried about Congress – but not enough. Congress is the center and heart of what is wrong with our government.

Congress is defended because it is a "check on the Executive." But it is not a good check: even in that sense it is not satisfactory. It has never worked out an adequate budget review for example: it pretends to make economies and then puts them back. Executive power grows as Congress decays.

What more obscene sight is there than the Senate filibuster over civil rights? It diminishes every American. It is not the Southern bloc of perhaps 18 votes that we blame, we can at least understand their approach. The men who are really preventing cloture now are a little group of sanctimonious conservatives, largely from the West and Mountain states. They have few Negroes; they don't give two peas over racial equality: men like Bourke Hickenlooper, Iowa; Curtis and Hruska, Nebraska; Mundt, South Dakota; Simpson, Wyoming; Dominick, Colorado; Jordan, Idaho; Goldwater and Hayden, Arizona (one a Republican, the other a Democrat).

Why do they act this way? Because the filibuster is the weapon of their small states. Many of them have more cattle than people. There could be race riots in every great city in the country and some wouldn't lift a finger if it meant losing this parliamentary blackmailing device.

We now think that this Congress will pass a civil rights bill; we guess the compromise measure is over the hump. It is approved in general terms by Humphrey, Dirksen and Attorney General Kennedy. Sooner or later cloture will be applied. But other bills are piling up.

We can see the stories at the end of the session now: "Congress has redeemed itself after all, it has passed a tax cut bill and a civil rights bill: an extraordinary achievement!"

But is this good enough? It took a year and a half to pass the tax bill and economic conditions had completely changed in the meantime. (The nimble British parliament was in and out with a tax decrease and increase in the time that Congress fumbled.)

Why should the Senate take most of a session to pass civil rights when a majority favored it from the first? Here are some of the bills backed up behind civil rights at present, like a traffic jam behind an accident on a freeway: school bills, pay raise, hospital care, poverty package, foreign aid, food stamp plan, minimum wage extension, urban mass transit, unemployment insurance extension, area redevelopment, wilderness bill . . . and on and on. Many will fail in the last-minute jam.

Congress has little real pride in itself. Look at the whitewash in the Bobby Baker case. It imposes one standard on cabinet members and other witnesses, whom it bullies, and another on itself. Its meddling in foreign affairs is generally disastrous. It could be the great educational forum, with toe-to-toe debates that would enthrall the nation. Actually, the mothers who bring children to Washington are half-ashamed to show them the tawdry spectacle. "Most of the work is done in committees," they explain defensively as they leave the Great Anachronism.

Skids under Goldwater?

★ On the political front we rather guess that the skids are under Goldwater now (though most of our colleagues disagree) and that moderates and liberals will gang up on him in California. It is our hunch, too, that Lodge and Rocky won't last long when the delegates meet at San Francisco. Keep your eye on men like state chairman Ray Bliss of Ohio with 56 votes in his pocket. He's no friend of the ultra-rightists. They just tried to defeat his young comer, Bob Taft, and failed dismally. In 1956 they lost him a Senator (Bricker) by putting a right-to-work referendum on the ballot. If they nominate Barry this year they will lose him the whole state. Bliss and Company will be the kingmakers behind the scenes. About the only neutrals they have left to choose from are Scranton and Nixon.

Students of the written word have a pleasure in store for them; Melvin Laird, chairman of the GOP platform committee, promises a platform on which "all candidates can comfortably stand." Platform writing is a literary art, only the great masters achieve the simple purity of well-ordered confusion. Colonel George Harvey in 1920 hand-tailored a platform for Harding, a candidate whose masterly obfuscation of the League issue was his supreme intellectual achievement. The speeches which he based on George Harvey's platform "were an army of pompous phrases moving across the landscape in search of an idea." Can Mr. Laird rise to this and make Rocky and Barry comfortable on the same platform?

President's Risk

★ We have it on our conscience to add one thing to last week's account of our tour of Appalachia with LBJ. We believe that at almost any minute he could easily have been killed by a determined assassin. Americans insist on this. For a President to ride through American crowds in an armored car would disgrace him and us. Four Presidents have been murdered; so what? There is only one safeguard and we see little chance of its being taken. That is to sternly license firearms – as other nations do. That would not end the risk, but it would reduce it by at least half. Any chance? Not much. We all had a lovely orgy of grief over the Kennedy tragedy, but as to a firearms control law, or an adequate Presidential succession law, we can't be bothered.

★ *Note:* Have you heard that President Goldwater, the week after taking office, was told that the Russians had launched a missile attack? With cool presence of mind he ordered, "Put the women in the center and draw up the wagons in a circle!"

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History Rocks the Boat

History has a mutinous way of refusing to stand still while politicians fight elections. It was vainly hoped that Southeast Asia and NATO would stay still until after November; now the United States wants to throw history overboard for being a boat-rocker. The US is not only bogged down in the war in South Vietnam but has had to ask allies who recognize Peking to sound out the Chinese about restraining the Pathet Lao in Laos. Allies and the UN are also asked to assist in other ways in Southeast Asia, but if they consent will the US then pay heed to their views on Vietnam? The very same allies continue to get American drubbings for trading with Communist Cuba, while the US discusses possible sales of synthetic rubber plants to Communist Rumania. Last week in the UN, Mr. Stevenson reaffirmed US determination to fight on in Southeast Asia, but seemed to dismiss the idea of holding another international conference as suggested by General de Gaulle and the Laotian Prime Minister and endorsed by Britain. Senator Mansfield, however, supports the plan, and the State Department, the very day that Mr. Stevenson spoke, appeared to be considering it. We seem to be at sixes and sevens, and not only in Asia.

Mr. Johnson put his Texan elbow into German ribs recently, by publicly urging the West German government to try to see the Russian side of things and on the basis of that to put forward some constructive proposals for relaxing tension in Central Europe. This advice was quite sound but was more than canceled by the US making it clear to Chancellor Erhard that German proposals were to be filtered through Washington, not put direct by Erhard to Khrushchev. At the same time, the US is trying hard to get the Germans on board the proposed NATO nuclear navy, though this force if created will run counter to the freeze on nuclear weapons that President Johnson has proposed to the Russians. The US tells the Germans and other allies that the nuclear navy is the first step toward making Europe a nuclear power, but hints to the Russians that they need not fear it because the US retains a veto over its actual use. This is one way to make the Germans schizophrenic all over again, and to make the Russians schizophrenic as well.

In addition the American scheme seems to take no account of the French, who have said they won't touch it with a barge-pole, and very little of the British, who have made it plain that if they ever do come aboard it will only be because they fear that otherwise the Germans will dominate first the nuclear navy and then Europe. This is about the maddest reason for joining a new armed force that was

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The Globe and Mail, Toronto

"Speak up, Mr. McNamara, you're among friends."

ever heard of, but from the British point of view it is quite logical. What, however, would be more logical in those circumstances would be to think twice about having a new force at all. The British have heavily hinted this, but nobody in the State Department minds them, because they and the French are in the US doghouse at the moment, for possessing heretical views on Cuba and on China. A German-dominated nuclear navy might serve to scare the Russians into wanting the Americans to remain in military control of Europe, the way the US already tends to regret the departure of Russians from Cuba. But, as the Duke of Wellington might have said, while the notion of a German-dominated Europe armed with nuclear weapons may or may not scare the enemy, it sure as hell scares the allies.

The nuclear navy's sponsors say its critics ought to try coming up with a better idea. Very well. Mr. Gerard C. Smith, the special adviser on the nuclear navy to the Secretary of State, says that "we ought to be moving toward ever closer integration in the ownership, manning and control" of nuclear weapons. Let this be done by enlarging European participation in the Strategic Air Command, as a first step toward assigning SAC to NATO. If Congress jibs at that, then let us get on with President Johnson's plan for a freeze on nuclear weapons, hopefully to be followed by reducing them. The world scene is changing fast and the US has to stay abreast of the changes or lose the initiative.

Integrated Cohabitation

The Supreme Court has agreed to review the case of Dewey McLaughlin and Connie Hoffman, who were sentenced to 30 days at hard labor and fined $150 each for having violated the following Florida statute: "Any negro [sic!] man and white woman, or any white man and negro woman, who are not married to each other, who shall habitually live in and occupy in the nighttime the same room shall be punished by imprisonment not exceeding 12 months, or by fine not exceeding $500."

The crime of which Mr. McLaughlin and Mrs. Hoffman were convicted is not fornication, nor lewd and lascivious association, which Florida under another statute punishes regardless of race, color or place of national origin. The crime here, as the Supreme Court of Florida fetchingly defined it, was "integrated illicit cohabitation," a racial offense. Integrated licit cohabitation is (paradoxically) also a crime in Florida, as in some 20 other states: "It is unlawful for any white male person residing or being in this state to intermarry with any negro female person; and it is in like manner unlawful for any white female . . . etc; and every marriage formed or solemnized in contravention of the provisions of this section shall be utterly null and void, and the issue, if any, of such surreptitious marriage shall be regarded as bastard and incapable of having or receiving an estate . . . by inheritance."

It may be that this general miscegenation statute and its counterparts elsewhere will be deemed to have been put in issue in the proceedings against Mr. McLaughlin and Mrs. Hoffman, for common law marriages are recognized in Florida, and the defense alleged that Mr. McLaughlin and Mrs. Hoffman had one, but the trial judge instructed the jury that no sort of interracial marriage is possible in Florida. Should it reach the issue of the general miscegenation statutes, the Court could scarcely do anything but hold them unconstitutional. For reasons of pure political expediency, out of a desire to postpone the descent upon the Court of another emotional storm about an issue that is, after all, hardly of central importance in the civil rights struggle, many observers hope that the Court will address itself only to the statute immediately and directly involved.

As to that statute, the die is cast. After all that has been held about schools and parks and sporting events and municipal restaurants and parking lots, it is quite clear that the state may not classify by race, period. The Florida Supreme Court relied on a decision of the United States Supreme Court dating to 1883 and upholding an Alabama statute that punished interracial fornication. But Alabama also punished the same offense when committed by whites. And besides, that

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was in another country, and the case is dead. To rely on it is to rely on *Plessy* v *Ferguson*, which was overruled 10 years ago this month. It is as well to argue, as the brief for the state of Florida actually does, that the Fourteenth Amendment was never validly enacted, because Representatives and Senators from most of the seceded states had not yet been readmitted to Congress. As the NAACP brief for the defendants says, the case is simple: "Who would doubt that the equal protection clause would invalidate a scheme of laws providing that it was a crime for automobiles occupied by Negroes and whites to exceed 25 mph but providing no speed limit for any other automobile. . . . [Such a hypothetical law] shares the infirmity of [the Florida cohabitation statute] – it punishes an activity only if and because it is interracial."

The Florida Supreme Court knew what was coming. The defendants, it said with a sneer, will have to find "legal endorsement of their ambitions" in the United States Supreme Court. The federal Constitution as construed in 1883 is, in the Florida Supreme Court's view, "quite adequate." If "the new-found concept of 'social justice' " requires change, "some other court must write it." It will. And the implications for the ultimate fate of general miscegenation statutes also will be obvious, even if not made explicit.

Alexander M. Bickel

No More Parades?

New York

The Four Square Bar near Pennsylvania Station is a piece of Harlem set in midtown Manhattan. Most of its customers come to the Four Square between shifts at the main post office; and, since most postal workers are Negroes, they have made it a Negro bar.

It was into the Four Square that Bayard Rustin sank the evening of the disaster of the March for Democratic Schools last week. It was sponsored by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the Congress of Racial Equality, New York's most important instruments of Negro protest. They called upon the poor, whose hopes they represent and upon whose hopes they depend, to assemble at City Hall, to salute the promise of the Supreme Court's school desegregation decision, and to cry out against its nonfulfillment, in a city 46 percent of whose Negro primary school students sit, 10 years later, in substantially all-Negro classrooms.

Yet not 5,000 persons answered the NAACP-CORE summons, and nearly half of these were white.

Bayard Rustin directed the pilgrimage of the 200,000 who marched on Washington last August; he managed the exodus of the 500,000 New York students who boycotted their schools for one day last February. Now he had exercised all the skills so important to these triumphs and all the authority they had given him, and only 5,000 people had come to City Hall to affirm their faith in the power of mass witness. The March for Democratic Schools had been a failure in moral suasion and a defeat in tactics.

Near the end of March an estimated 15,000 white housewives had walked across Brooklyn Bridge to ring City Hall and chant their objections to various proposals to improve the racial mix in substantially segregated areas by bussing Negro pupils to white neighborhood schools. The opponents of any conscious effort at integration had gathered in such force in a snowstorm; Rustin had himself volunteered the judgment that integration's supporters would have failed unless they could call up more than 15,000 in the spring sun. Now he had failed, and terribly. His marchers were trailing away, and a reporter gently asked him why so few Negroes had bothered to demonstrate this time. And Bayard Rustin had no answer except to remind his inquisitor that those who had marched against integration had been mere housewives, while those who marched for integration had listened, to choose an instance, to a rabbi, a priest and a Protestant minister, who spoke not just for themselves but for the mighty host of believers in all New York's organized religions. What counts, he had suddenly been reduced to say, is not numbers but quality; the voices in the March for Democratic Schools had represented important power; the voices on the other side "come from nothing but the frying pan in the kitchen."

But now Bayard Rustin was in the Four Square Bar, among the people who had not come at his call, and now he had been on television in failure as well as in success; the Four Square Bar had been watching him. He sat down; a customer came over and put his hand on Bayard Rustin's shoulder.

"Man," he said, "I got to buy you a drink. You got to let me buy you a drink. Don't you know, you're a celebrity?"

Bayard Rustin had to give up and take a beer. "It's dreadful," he said, "to take a drink from another man. It's dreadful how they stop me and tell me I am a celebrity. I suppose it means something to people that we have done something they didn't bother to do."

You fail and you are just as celebrated.

The ordinary Negro has spent all his life sealed off from the rest of us. And could it be that we will come some day to know that we have even segregated him in our history? The period during which the ordinary Negro entered history as a general force began in May of 1954, and we may discover that it ended in May of 1964, an exact 10 years, and a span of time as precisely

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framed and limited as the customs which have so long set the limits of the Negro's place in our national life.

The Supreme Court decided May 18 ten years ago that as a nation we owed it to the Negro child to be educated equal to and together in the classroom with the white child. That was the paper of a decision that the Negro was the ward of an enlightened society. But after the paper there came the flesh, isolated first in the faces of little children walking almost alone into Southern schools, then communal in the great throngs at Birmingham and in front of the Lincoln Memorial. The Negro had passed from being a ward to walking as a grown man. The Negro winter demonstrations in the New York schools had pushed the city's Board of Education into asking State Commissioner of Education James E. Allen to appoint a panel of consultants who could suggest ways to overcome the conditions of an increasingly segregated system. Commissioner Allen's advisers agreed that integration was "an overriding concern," and recommended that the state appropriate $250 million above the annual, $800 million New York City education budget, to pay for the steps necessary to desegregate the schools and to repair and reinvigorate a straitened city education system. The Allen plan was both bold and expensive; the prospect of adding a quarter-of-a-million dollars to the budget chilled the state and city governments. The only real hope to realize any program so radical was in the rousement of radical public support.

The March for Democratic Schools had turned then, just before its disaster, from a mere concentration on the bad present to a projected affirmation of the better future the Allen program would offer. The NAACP and CORE had a chance at last to speak out for the right not just of the Negro for equality, but also of every child for a better school.

And then, at that moment of emancipation from the ghetto mind which was one great purpose of the history of the last 10 years, there was the awful sense that the span of that history had run. The call went out and only 5,000 people answered; the flesh had departed; this history, having begun with the paper of the Supreme Court decision, was ending with the paper of the Allen plan.

The night before the March, Bayard Rustin sat with a dozen of his volunteer assistants, instructing them in the delicacies with which even the things that turn out badly have to be planned. There would be the demonstration boycott of one all-Negro East Harlem school; there would be the busloads of Negro children to four substantially all-white schools where they would sit in class as a reproach. There would be the Freedom School where the children who had joined the boycott would have a day's instruction in the lives of Frederick Douglass and Mary McLeod Bethune and in the history of their own people in America.

All of the persons he drove through these details were young, and some of them seemed surprisingly new to the business. Near the end, a young woman asked Rustin why he had announced that the March would be a failure if fewer than 15,000 people came. She had been to Brooklyn that day seeking marchers and nobody seemed to care. The March might fail, and what would Rustin suggest she say then?

"I hope," he answered, "that I would do what Gandhi had done so many times; and that I can say that, if we had done what we should have done, the people of goodwill would have come out because the people of goodwill are there. Maybe the liberal community needs

Negroes Tip The Scales

With enlightened self-interest, Negro voters last week rescued decency in Maryland from Governor George Wallace of Alabama: a majority of whites voted for Wallace but the Negro vote defeated him. The Negro vote also tipped the scale in Oklahoma.

Oklahoma's May 5 primary was not the contest in which ex-coach Bud Wilkinson, white Cadillac and all, was to prove himself fit to try for a US Senate seat for the GOP. The issue was: Should the state have the union-busting "right-to-work" law. In the largest primary vote in the state's history, this was voted down, 373,729 to 349,578.

In 1962 Henry Bellmon was elected the first GOP governor of the state. The radical right was growing. Billy James Hargis, General Edwin Walker and the John Birch Society seemed to have a substantial following. Organized labor could count on only 55,000 votes, a mere 8 percent of the labor force. There were, however, 80,000 potential voters among the Negro citizens. The problem was to get to them. A private poll taken in the summer of 1961 showed that "right-to-work" was favored in the state four to one. In the Negro community, though, it was five to four.

Jake Simmons and Mrs. Clara Luper of the NAACP held the keys to the Negro community. Mr. Simmons is the only Negro oil man in Oklahoma and he has been president of the Oklahoma NAACP for years. Mrs. Luper works with NAACP youth. Also enlisted in the battle were Roy Wilkins, executive secretary of the NAACP, A. Philip Randolph, and finally Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr.

Organized labor pledged integrated unions. The building trades, perhaps the most hidebound, agreed to open their apprentice training program to Negroes. Negro wards voted overwhelmingly against "right-to-work."

The motto of the state is Labor Omnia Vincit – Labor conquers all. Given the Negro vote.

ARTHUR BRANDEL

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a failure. If that happens, let us say that we didn't do it this time, but we've got to do it. When you tell the absolute truth about what's wrong, then you help the truth."

The last detail was done; CBS had put together a documentary on the March and Rustin went downstairs to the 125th Street bar to watch it. The television set was off; the customers were silent, lonely drinkers. The bartender turned the set on; suddenly, among the signs saying "Special, two for one, Carstairs, $1.15," there appeared on the screen the emblem "NAACP." It hung there and then there was the image of Rustin talking about how hopeless and empty life in Harlem is; in the back of the bar, the jukebox began with rhythm and blues and Rustin's voice on the soundtrack could be heard no more, and Rustin in the flesh was saying how old he looked.

Journalism talks about the long hot summer of Negro militancy trembling toward violence that is ahead of us. But here in this room in Harlem, the customers looked each into his glass as though it were 20 feet deep. It will be a long hot summer of sitting on stoops; it was hard not to believe that we looked at the abandonment of hope that private men can change the public order. The ordinary Negro, one suspects, was invited to apply for parole 10 years ago, and now he knows that his parole has been denied him and that he must serve out his term with no real expectation of improvement by devices other than prison reform. The great demonstrations have shrunken down to public failures like the March for Democratic Schools, or they have fragmented into isolated gestures like the World's Fair "stall-in." A chapter is over; all the energy, the imagination, the courage and the hope which wrote that chapter could hardly not, before long, be revived again. But whatever chapter comes will be something new. We asked too much of the Negro when we expected him to carry almost by himself the burden of America as Eden, and endure and never get weary.

The day of the March was an exercise of that pride which instructs the best men that, if they are to fail, it will not be because they have been careless yesterday, or because they go slack today. More than 600 pupils skipped classes in the overwhelmingly Negro East Harlem school which had been selected for the demonstration boycott, but few of them bothered to go to the Freedom School. Only 10 little children could be found to conduct the study-in at the overwhelmingly white elementary school on East 86th Street. They were kindly welcomed and escorted to class by little safety patrolmen. In the afternoon there were only 100 pickets outside Governor Rockefeller's office; at night 5,000 persons trailed across Brooklyn Bridge, to watch Roy Wilkins of the NAACP and James Farmer of CORE tack – or more properly tape – their demands on the door of the Board of Education Building, and then to linger and sing the old songs.

"Ain't gonna let the power structure turn me round, turn me round," a young man sang; and then they went home, their only blessing their pride preserved. Are there then to be no more parades?

At the Four Square, Bayard Rustin talked about going away for a week and trying to think through just what had happened.

"But," he said, "I must stay here. I must go up tomorrow and cut off the phone and clean the office and pay the bills. I cannot leave this behind me unfinished and in a state."

He is the sort of man who will be back, because he is the sort who makes formations, the first to arrive, the last to leave.

Murray Kempton

FOREIGN REPORT

OKINAWA: *Pole Sitters*

★ More than a month ago, four men climbed the smokestack of the struck Okinawa Plywood Corporation at Naha, capital of Okinawa, with a sheet of the company's product. They raised a large, red, union flag and sat. Below them, an old man played the *Internationale* on an accordion and women danced, chanted and sang to encourage the men sitting 130 feet above their heads.

The men atop the stack did not have a happy time. After 31 days, one man was taken down ill from exposure, smoke poisoning and exhaustion. He is still hospitalized. A second man left the chimney after 40 days. He was concerned about losing his job with a bus company where he is a union official. The two who remained are members of the plywood company union. They are, no doubt, at that defiant point where their private misery supports them in the public deed.

The Okinawa Plywood Corporation of Seattle went into business on Okinawa "as an example of what American capital and technical know-how can do for these islands." The plant employs 300 men. The average factory wage on Okinawa is $1.50 per day. In spite of that buck and a half daily wage, there must have been times in the past year when the company president yearned for the American way of labor strife. Our neat show-cause orders, enforceable injunctions and carefully-worded rules and regulations concerning private property and assault are a long way from Okinawan law and custom.

Japanese law is the local guide in labor disputes. The underlying principle seems to be: Pay the workers pea-

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nuts, but let them raise hell about it. Union slogans and banners can be placed on factory property and may not be disturbed. The homes of management can be mobbed at any time by union members seeking to negotiate. Local police accompany the workers to management homes to insure the workers' safety. In the past year, the Okinawa Plywood Corporation has faced all of these problems. In its most recent dispute, Fred J. Pierson, president, was dragged from his position at the main gate and held at a nearby shanty union headquarters. His white shirt was ripped and he was ever so slightly worked over. Fourteen men were arrested after this incident and all were released.

After a strike in 1963 an agreement was reached last September which promised labor peace in exchange for improved working conditions. Additional toilets were promised and locker-room facilities were to be provided. In February, the union, dissatisfied with progress in the promised improvements, went on strike again. The union now seeks an eight cents per hour increase, back pay while on strike, air conditioning in the plant and improved working conditions. If they should achieve that eight cents increase their average wage would go to $2.14 per day.

The presence of the men on the chimney prevented operation of the company's boiler for a week. As a result, Mr. Pierson held out a portion of the non-striking workers' pay. The company resumed production by building an auxiliary boiler. Mr. Pierson was indicted by the Naha Labor Standards Inspection Office in connection with its construction. After that problem was settled, he was replaced as president, and headed for a new job in Manila. His replacement, John J. Theodore, held a company picnic on May Day and announced a wage increase of six to seven dollars a month for non-striking employees. He has refused to participate in negotiations until the men atop the chimney descend.

Judge Pye and the Hundred Sit-Ins

Atlanta

Judge Durwood T. Pye is the only elected officeholder left in Fulton County who openly holds a segregationist philosophy. But hitherto he has been known less for his racial views, more for the rigid Victorian manners he imposed on the County Superior Court. Pye is a quiet, scholarly, withdrawn man with a punctilious knowledge of legal data. He has been known to launch into oral decisions immediately at the end of a trial and dictate for hours with only the most infrequent references to the written word. In his courtroom Pye refers to himself in the third person. Silence is absolute. In one instance when noises outside annoyed him, the judge threatened arrest of everyone in the corridor.

Recently, however, Pye tangled with the federal government over his handling of 100 Atlanta sit-in cases, and drew sharp criticism from Georgia Congressman Charles Weltner. Pye's interest in racial matters goes back at least to the days when former Governor Herman Talmadge named him executive secretary of the Georgia Commission on Education, a now defunct body charged with drawing up the state's legal defenses for school segregation. In 1956 the then Governor Marvin Griffin named Pye to one of two newly-created Fulton County judgeships. Judge Pye has maintained that he never has said anything derogatory about Negroes. But he condemns from the bench "mongrelization of the races," "amalgamation" and the evil effects of integration generally. He has charged grand juries that integration fertilizes crime, and that the notion of equality retards some while helping none. At a time when moderate forces in Atlanta were cautiously rallying to defeat the state's laws which would have closed schools in the case of integration, a grand jury issued a term-end presentment calling for continued public education; it carefully skirted the integration issue. But Pye told the jury he interpreted the presentment as supporting continued separate-but-equal education. The best way to achieve that, he added, was for a united public sentiment to obtain withdrawal of pending desegregation suits.

Pye is particularly severe with white civil rights supporters. Last summer a number of people were arrested in sit-in cases. But apparently as the result of some sort of racial truce the cases lay dormant. The solicitor of the Criminal Court, the lower court which ordinarily would handle such misdemeanor cases, announced he was ready to try them any time the restaurant owners pressed their complaints; but they did not press. However, in July Pye ordered the incoming grand jury to indict all those who had "flouted, defied and violated" the state's trespass laws. The jury complied, and Pye then assumed jurisdiction "due to the importance of these cases."

He already had passed on a major defense contention – that the trespass arrests were racially inspired and therefore constituted unlawful state action – when he had told the grand jury that the 1960 Trespass Act ". . . obviously . . . has nothing to do with so-called compulsory segregation. . . ." Yet when defense attorneys D. L. Hollowell and Howard Moore Jr. moved for the judge to disqualify himself on the grounds of gen-

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eral and specific prejudice, Pye angrily cited them for contempt (a case that is yet to be tried). The judge warned the lawyers that "the burden of proof is going to be on you to show good faith" in having made the motion. When Hollowell, a veteran of civil rights legislation, asked for clarification of the contempt citation, Pye refused to say more.

The first of the sit-in cases brought to trial involved a white defendant, the Rev. Ashton Jones, an elderly itinerant minister from California who had joined Negroes in a church "kneel-in." Pye gave Jones one and a half years in prison and fined him $1,000 (the maximum sentence for a misdemeanor); he set bail at $20,000. The judge then commented: "He has unlimited money behind him, doesn't he?" The Georgia Supreme Court eventually ruled the bond was excessive and ordered it reduced to $5,000. Jones' frail, gray-haired wife came East with the money, but Pye would not accept cash bond; it had to be backed by unencumbered real estate, he said. Finally, a white woman ordinarily not connected with the civil rights movement put up some of her property so the minister could go free while appealing his case.

Miss Mardon Walker, a white student from Connecticut College for Women, was studying for a term at predominantly Negro Spelman College, and was arrested during a restaurant sit-in. Pye asked her if she was a Communist. He later gave her maximum sentence, and despite the ruling in the Jones case fixed her appeal bond at $15,000. With her father's help, she managed to raise that amount.

Throughout the trials, Pye regularly raised the amounts of bonds – typically from $300 to $5,000. He stuck to a generally ignored state law requiring bonds to be backed by unmortgaged real estate. When an assistant county prosecutor suggested that bonds were the sheriff's business, Pye upheld his own authority. He hinted he would be lenient with young defendants if they would turn state's evidence on "higher-ups" in the rights movement.

In February, Hollowell and Moore began action for removal of the cases to federal court. Pye denounced the counsel for playing "fast and loose" with his court, then said, "If the US court passes an order taking charge of these cases, it's welcome to them." He called the removal procedure "a striking illustration of the aggrandizement of all departments of the federal government, which is the real source of all the mischief."

On the first group of cases that defense attorneys attempted to remove to federal court, the US District Court refused jurisdiction. Ordinarily there is no appeal from such a decision, but under an old Civil Rights Act of Reconstruction days, Hollowell did, and the Circuit Court took jurisdiction pending appeal.

Pye ordered the Fulton County sheriff under no circumstances except habeas corpus to release Miss Prathia Ann Hall, one of the accused, to federal marshals. The next day, in an eight-hour session at which he read from some 50 law books, Pye attempted to decide the issue of the US Circuit Court. He decided it had no jurisdiction, and ordered the cases to trial in his own court. Even while he dictated his opinion, Hollowell obtained removal of more transfers. The District Court was forced to enjoin Fulton officials from continuing with the cases, and Miss Hall was released on bond. Pye ruled as stubbornly in the remaining removal cases; again his efforts were enjoined. And there, for the time, rests the matter of Pye versus the federal courts.

Pye is a hero to a lot of people who hate sit-ins and who presumably will vote for him when he runs for re-election in the September Democratic primary, when his opponent will be a young lawyer, Paul Webb Jr., who will have the solid backing of the Negro voting organizations representing nearly 40 percent of the electorate.

Bruce M. Galphin

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Round *vs* Square in California

California politics is a wilderness traversed by roving bands of ideologues. The dominant social order is a continuing state of war of all against all. Precinct tactics derive less from Jim Farley than from Thomas Hobbes. There are no real machines, no effective organizations, only the most meager patronage, and negative loyalty. Eastern politicians dissolve in bewilderment and frustration when they behold this improbable scene. "You know what you've got?" one complained recently. "Nothing politics." Plenty of nothing is what California got in a 12-man contest for the US Senate seat of Clair Engle, whose name will appear on the ballot June 2 although he withdrew from the race almost a month ago. Engle is suffering from a brain disease and has not visited his home state since last summer, but he is currently drawing 15 to 20 percent of the vote in most polls, and his presence on the ballot could be decisive. That is in the political tradition: two years ago, Northern California voters elected Representative Clem Miller to Congress after his death.

The race is between Alan Cranston (identified as State Controller of California on the primary ballot) or

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Pierre Salinger (uniquely unidentified). The Republican candidate in November is likely to be George Murphy, who is hoping to sing and dance his way into the hearts of millions of sleepy people by way of 20-year-old musicals showing nightly on the Late, Late Show, but is making little political headway. Reporters who ask for his stand on controversial issues have been told, "that's none of your business."

"As they say in the South," Alan Cranston cracked at a Los Angeles reception, "nomination in the Democratic primary is tantamount to victory." Cranston rarely jokes, at least he rarely jokes well, but his mood these days is increasingly jolly. The Mervin Field Poll showed him leading the pack and six points ahead of Salinger, who had been favored from the day he raced out of the White House, boarded a jet for California, and filed for the primary two hours before the deadline.

Earlier, Cranston couldn't have been glummer, though he had the endorsement of Governor Pat Brown and the California Democratic Council (CDC), and had nothing to fear really except a glamor candidate with a California base, a national reputation, and the support of the Kennedy family. How could they do this to Alan Cranston? The only explanation was treason and plot, and on every Salinger poster Cranston read the name "Unruh." State Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh is bedbugs, prunes, poison ivy and all nasty things to Alan Cranston. Unruh's roving political band is Cranston's prime target, and overkill is not enough. Salinger's complaint is that Governor Brown, the CDC, and all but two or three of California's Democratic Congressmen are trying to nominate Cranston.

Both Cranston and Salinger are committed to the Johnson program in almost every detail (Salinger goes a bit further about the Panama Canal Treaty; Cranston is rather more excited about disarmament). There is often striking similarity in the words and phrases they use in the course of a day's rhetoric. On state issues, Salinger is for the trumpeter swan and Colorado River water, Cranston for redwood trees and cotton acreage. On civil rights and education, urban sprawl and defense contracts, there is happy agreement.

Feeble Phoenix

Salinger and Cranston went to Asilomar on the Monterey Peninsula in 1953 to found the California Democratic Council, then a feeble phoenix in the ashes of the disastrous Stevenson campaign of the previous year. Cranston was its president from Asilomar until 1958, when he became State Controller, and the Democrats under Pat Brown established their superior power in state politics. The CDC found its impetus in the emotional trauma of Stevenson's defeat as well as in its political meaning, and the heart of every single one of the Council's 70,000 workers (if you can believe the official count) still beats madly for Adlai. It is as noisy and enthusiastic as the University of California pom-pom section in a Rose Bowl game, and as much of a machine. Even political passion can become institutionalized. As the CDC grows older, it is less interested in winning elections for the Democratic Party and more dedicated to keeping the Stevenson shrine free from infidels. Democratic Party squabbles have been erupting with greater frequency and greater virulence, and the Cranston-Salinger battle is a major one, despite each of them claiming that he alone can "restore party unity if elected."

Nothing in Salinger's manner suggests that political conspiracy is not the natural condition of man, like eating snails or smoking cigars. He is brittle, funny, aggressive and controlled, the perfect evocation of the old New Frontier. He begins all his speeches with those charming self-deprecatory throwaway lines that the late President used so effectively; then he pumps the air with half-fisted fingers to emphasize his determination. His inflection has more than a hint of Hyannis Port, and his verbal mannerisms ("and so I need your help") have a familiar ring. His appeal is based largely on the Kennedy image. He fascinated journalism students and newspapermen in San Jose with warm tales from the Kennedy years (his book of memoirs will appear before the primary), and almost every public appearance includes a reference to "those seven days and seven nights in October, 1962, when we looked down the nuclear barrel." There is more nostalgia from the Kennedy family album in his claim that he can do "more for California" because of his acquaintance with "every single member of the United States Senate." He insists that he could enter Congress virtually a sophomore, while Cranston would be wearing his frosh beanie for long, dull years.

By comparison, Cranston's campaign is downright square. He has no Kennedy stories to tell, and he never looked down a nuclear barrel. But there is a new political style this spring, and in many ways Alan Cranston is suddenly with it. Tall, bald, and slightly ascetic, he even looks a little like Stevenson. He is serious, literate, and almost painfully candid; any voter in America would trust him with his watch, his insurance policy, or his teenage daughter. Once a miserable speaker, he is now merely monotonal, but he fires off his words in a staccato barrage that somehow finds its mark, and he can electrify an intelligent, keen audience which is operating on his wave length. Like Stevenson, he cannot get through to his intellectual inferiors, but his public positions have the support of labor groups and many of the Negro and Mexican-American leaders.

Cranston, running for re-election as Controller in 1962, won by 1.3 million votes, twice as many as Pat

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Brown, and the largest majority any state candidate has ever received in a contested election in the US. Liberal enough to please the CDC, he runs the Controller's office with well-advertised frugality, and the Republicans are delighted. Yet despite his electoral victories, he has an underdeveloped image in the state, and there is a feeling even among his supporters that he lacks "color." He does not have the kind of glamor that Salinger has, and his campaign shows it: no "Sweethearts for Salinger" in the Cranston camp, no balloons, movie stars, radio jingles, or snappy slogans like "P.S., I Love You."

Salinger renewed his challenge to meet Cranston in a television debate May 29, hoping that glamor would tell against studiousness and sincerity before the camera. "Nixon never looked as bad as during that first debate in '60," one of Cranston's aides fretted. "And the Salinger guys did it to him. I don't know what they did, and that's what we're afraid of. Can you imagine Alan walking into the studio, three minutes before air time, and finding a six-foot high picture of President Kennedy behind the microphones?"

ANDREW D. KOPKIND

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Terror-Struck Children

by Robert Coles

We are slowly realizing the needlessness of much of the social and economic hardship in this nation, and that recognition allows us really to see what formerly had to be hidden. And so the more we learn about child development generally, and the more we allow ourselves to *care* about its afflictions for the socially or racially exiled, the more we can expect, for a while, some painful, unnerving times.

In grim example we have the fact that all over this country every year hundreds of children are brutally assaulted and many of them killed – in their own homes at the hands of their parents. I recall my own unwillingness to believe my own senses, believe what I saw and heard when I faced such facts. It is hard for a young doctor, grown and educated in our culture with all its emphasis on child study and the family, touched by all the enlightenment of the social sciences and the sense of advance which the progress of the natural sciences affords, to accept before him the presence of the grossest forms of neglect, violence and even murder, all done by parents upon their own children. That such events are not simply mischievous lapses or isolated outrages but occur with terrible regularity, that they have been documented, studied, even given the clinical name of "the battered-child syndrome," is even harder to accept.

Yet, any child psychiatrist who works with severely and consistently violent youths must eventually realize the frequency with which their actions reflect their parents' earlier actions. In the case of some delinquent girls I once treated – "anti-social" enough to have to be confined to a state industrial school – severe beatings, ugly and often bizarre punishment were largely the heart of the memories they recited. It was an awful thing, seeing the clear and often irreversible damage inflicted by one generation upon another.

Still, these girls had at least managed to survive, and for some there was even hope. In contrast many infants die of sustained neglect and injury before they become children, and many children are so badly attacked they have scant hope for survival through adolescence. Hundreds of children are beaten, cut, burned, strangled, suffocated and drowned by their own parents. In 1962, a study by the American Humane Society found 662 cases of such abuse of children reported in the newspapers alone – and many are never reported. One in four of those cases died from the injuries inflicted upon them. Most of these children are under four, helplessly vulnerable to an astonishing array of damaging blows.

The problem is all too familiar to those interested in it: the Children's Bureau of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, the Child Welfare

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League of America, and the American Humane Society, a national association of Child Protective Agencies. Then there are those whose work continually brings them in contact with parents who willfully or helplessly – have it either way – neglect, hurt and maim their children: doctors, nurses, social workers, lawyers, judges, policemen, probation officers; the list itself is a reminder of our various troubles.

How are these children first noticed? What happens to them? What can be done to help them and their parents? It is doctors who usually first come upon them, wounded and in need of healing. Parents bring them to the emergency wards of hospitals and attribute their injuries to a variety of accidents or mishaps. A review of the medical literature is an absorbing experience: what emerges is the slow realization among naturally reluctant physicians that they are face to face with more than nature's havoc or man's fate, but with a kind of harmfulness very much akin to the bestiality we like to think crops up only in wars or among fanatics or bigots in happy distant lands.

About two decades ago articles began to appear in various medical journals documenting the obvious human contrivance in certain childhood injuries. Reading them one sees the tension between civilized doctors possessed of certain very firm assumptions about human behavior – about how parents and children manage with one another – and the relentless insistence of their logical thinking, their medical training. Radiologists, for instance, noted the *frequency* of broken bones in certain children, and the fact that they often sustained head injury as well as fractures of their arms and legs, suggesting that some children did not only "fall" or "get hurt," but were repeatedly hit in several parts of their bodies.

Duty of Doctors

The Journal of the American Medical Association for July 7, 1962, published what is probably the definitive medical paper on this subject. The syndrome is described as "a significant cause of childhood disability and death" and the summary to the article remarks: "Physicians [read, all of us], because of their own feelings and their difficulty in playing a role they find hard to assume, may have reluctance in believing that parents were guilty of abuse. They may also find it difficult to initiate proper investigation so as to assure adequate management of the case. Above all, the physician's duty and responsibility to the child requires a full evaluation of the problem and a guarantee that the expected repetition of trauma will not be permitted to occur."

The quiet language of many earlier medical reports shows the long-standing confusion in many doctors about just *what* they should do – repeatedly treat the child, knowing in their hearts but dismissing in their minds the likelihood of recurrence, and dangerous recurrence at that; or take the personal and social responsibility (and risk) of reporting the cases, of initiating a complaint or recommending an investigation. The dilemma can even be followed by reading the titles of medical articles. Thus, in 1953 a paper was titled "Roentgen Manifestations of Unrecognized Skeletal Trauma in Infants." In 1958 another paper, similarly concerned with radiological research rather than social action, was headed by "Skeletal Manifestations of Parent-Induced Trauma in Infants and Children."

Though there is little direct psychiatric research on the matter, the truth is that there is a good deal of psychiatric information about the kinds of parents who will likely attack their children, and the reasons apt to impel them. The real problem is how to translate present knowledge into preventive or ameliorative action. Any psychiatrist who has heard enough life histories knows the possibilities of violence in certain kinds of mentally ill or deficient people. Psychotics, the criminally murderous or delinquent, confidence-men of various kinds, severely disturbed alcoholics, addicts, people of limited endowment – of mind or of means – all these people hardly confine their rage, their sense of worthlessness, abandonment, or retaliatory rage and hate, to themselves. In other words, mental illness is not only a private sorrow but usually a family disaster, affecting among other relationships those between mothers and fathers and their children.

Even though we have established the existence of a problem and understand some of its causes, its solution is still to come and requires several kinds of effort. Doctors must be educated to recognize and acknowledge what they so often resist and evade. But they cannot bear such responsibility without legal and social support. I am thinking of doctors I know who have to deal with the complicated problems of the "health" of migrant workers, or others involved in the touchy question of cigarette smoking and the matter of allowing the continually seductive advertising of some tobacco manufacturers. Frequently it is a derelict or divided society which has forced upon these medical men a tangled web of its own contradictions and of its own frustrations.

The only alternative for the conscientious doctor is to do his job and make his findings known lucidly and emphatically. In the case of parents who hurt their children, psychiatrists are especially duty-bound to speak out. They must assist in diagnoses and help those others of many professions who bear the brunt of such difficult cases. And they must continue to let the public know how serious some of our psychiatric problems are, how great is the need for more clinics

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and personnel to staff them. It is the old story, a flood, an earthquake, the casualties in a distant war summon their deserved, responsive attention. Ignored, however, is the harm to children in our very daily midst, sure to be handed down by them, if they survive, to *their* children – the sins of one generation thus going endlessly forward in time.

Recognizing the Problem

Most important and practical is public and legal recognition of this problem. Our society very strongly bulwarks the integrity of the small family. Parents may hit their children, offer them poor diets, allow them late hours, encourage in them fresh or nasty behavior toward others and mostly fear no interference. And this should be the case. What parent *hasn't* at some frantic moment wanted to just about banish his or her child from this earth? We all have our moments of rage and anger and sometimes such feelings are quite strong and quite murderous. But we don't live them out, and if we *do* sometimes lose control, we are contrite and attentive to the person who is innocently involved in those outbursts of ours.

Though it is few, therefore, who require the special concern and protection of the law, there *is* a problem of degree. Every child psychiatrist meets children who are victims of hurtful, fearful, careless or essentially unloving or unstable parents. There are sick and withdrawn mothers who are so crippled emotionally, who offer their children so very little warmth, that it is clearly a matter of time, and sometimes very little at that, before the children too will be disturbed.

On the other hand there are clear cases of parental brutality, and it is these which demand specially vigorous and sometimes drastic action. Disturbed parents require psychiatric care, and that is one urgent national problem. But parents who repeatedly attack their children and are in danger of killing them deserve quite another priority of attention.

Few would deny society the right to intervene where a child's very life is at stake. Yet, as might be expected, opposition to laws which try to establish a basis for such intervention often centers about such rallying slogans as "individual rights," "parents' rights," or the right of the family to "privacy." Of course in a complicated society like ours all "rights" are relative, are modified by various legal and social obligations. It is incredible that these obligations do not yet in most states, hence for most people, provide protection to children when their parents are crazed enough, or enough stunted in intelligence or psychological development, to threaten their very lives.

Only 13 states have laws whose purposes generally are to provide sanction and obligation for doctors afraid or hesitant to report cases of children grossly abused; and to establish some institutional means – courts, welfare agencies – of receiving these reports, dealing with them, investigating the situations they cover, and, finally, attempting to provide help for both the parents and children involved. On this last matter of assistance, the laws tend to diverge into those primarily interested in punishing "the guilty" and those concerned with rehabilitation, insofar as it turns out that rehabilitation is possible.

It is an ancient and far from concluded struggle: whether to rise in outrage and demand jailing these parents as both punishment and a form of fast removal from society; or to use the law as a necessary means of restraint, but also as an entering wedge, in this case so that isolated, often defensively shrill and combative human beings may be approached, seen, and perhaps even helped with their enormous emotional impoverishment and desperation.

In a sense this terrible problem, challenging by its very existence so much of what we think of ourselves, owes its increasing recognition to the progress made by Freud and his followers in looking fearlessly into man's thoughts, feelings and actions. A pediatrician, having a hard time with his own horror at what he had just seen – the near murder of a little girl by her mother – said to me later words to this effect: "I suppose in the past we would have just taken that mother's word for what had happened. (She had made some pathetic, transparent attempts to call her deed an accident.) We probably would never have bothered to look at what kind of person she is. But now we see more about people, and why they do things, and because of that we have more responsibilities and, in a way, more trouble on our hands."

His responsibilities are everyone's; they belong to his fellow doctors and to members of a host of professions. Most of all they must be taken up by 37 state legislatures, not in hasty repudiation of senseless brutality at the hands of sad and frightful people, but in passionate interest and willful shielding of their state's children and adults alike. Parents may have to be separated from children. Others may have to be closely watched and worked with intensively. Children may have to be given a great deal of medical and psychiatric care, for some of them have not only dramatic bruises, lacerations, or fractures, but symptoms of chronic indifference or neglect, vitamin deficiencies, poorly-treated infections, a score of minor and major diseases secondary to such lack of good care.

It is nothing short of a scandal that we allow crushed and terrified parents a continuation of their misery in their own children. Surely here there can be no real disagreement about the need for immediate action. Lives are in the balance.

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As the Hucksters See Us

by Wolf Von Eckardt

There is, so help us, much truth in the press agent's statement that the New York World's Fair shows us "the image of ourselves." And the image is devastating.

World expositions invariably have a prophetic influence on the way the world looks for decades after they close. Some have been wholesome. Sir Joseph Paxton's Crystal Palace at the first world's fair in 1851 ushered in a new architecture. Gustave Eiffel's tower at Paris in 1889 launched the era of new forms with new, expressionist engineering. The American gentlemen architects who built their Beaux Art Classic "White City" at the Chicago World's Columbian Exposition of 1893 brought, with their marble civic temples in isolated parks, an awareness of the "City Beautiful," although they also set back the cause of Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright for decades.

But others have been unfortunate. "Critics today," says Russell Lynes, "look back at the Centennial Exhibition (at Philadelphia in 1876) as an architectural and artistic calamity that produced not a single new idea but was, rather, the epitome of the accumulated bad taste of the era that was the Gilded Age, the Tragic Era, the Dreadful Decade, or the Pragmatic Acquiescence, depending on which epithet you thought most searing."

If the current accumulation of bad taste at Flushing Meadows doesn't surpass that which rose above the Schuylkill River 67 years ago, it certainly matches it. The most searing epithet to date about this calamity of our era of Conspicuous Consumption was uttered by Ada Louise Huxtable in *The New York Times*. She called it "an architectural happening."

Like pop art happenings, Robert Moses' New York World's Fair of 1964 doesn't project new visions of a brave new world. Upon a 646-acre dump, on the second-hand site and pompous Renaissance plan of the old Flushing Meadows Fair of 1939, it only reflects, in a billion-dollar surrealist distortion mirror, what huckster greed and hard-sell free enterprise does to us all over the land.

This American surreality ca. 1964, like our new suburban never-never lands, dazzles the eye with a chaotic accumulation of architectural stunts and colossal banalities. It dumbfounds the ear with a relentless din of sweet Muzak, rendered cacaphonous by even more saccharine electronic hawking from every direction. It is slashed by superhighways. It pits giddy temples of organized religion against even giddier palaces of corporate commerce. It uses every device known to man, including pseudo-educational gimmicks, to sell, sell, sell. Between all this, not always hidden by the ostentatious façades, it has messy alleys of ugliness. It is, for all its expense, built-in obsolescence incarnate; constructed to be destroyed. And it is fiercely expensive.

Yes, it has art, too, admission free. And if you doubt our devotion to culture, just watch the queue awaiting a chance of a lifetime to be floated past Michelangelo's Pietà on three moving platforms. Michelangelo's work has been improved upon for us with the flickering virginal blue stage lighting by Jo Mielziner, presumably to make it a little more "artistic" than sculptor Louis Paul Jonas' life-size Fiberglas Dinosaurs.

Sure there is fun. And there are even bright flashes of beauty. But the fun is the fun of thrill, souped up by the constant Benzedrine charges of artificial stimulation. It is not the fun of an elation that you only get where your senses respond because you are in happy empathy with a happy environment. And there is beauty in the flowers and the fountains and in a lovely sky and some beautiful girls (mostly from abroad). The hucksters could only employ but not design them. But even some designs, a few of the buildings or the novel, undulating rows of telephone booths, are unquestionably handsome.

So your $2 admission (and countless extra fees at every turn) do buy you some bliss of sorts along with a dose of cold sweat. But they don't buy you escape. You are forced to face up to that "image."

Some realities, to be sure, are left outside the Fair's compound. The civil rights demonstrators got scarcely past the gates and a few cursory headlines that chilly April opening day. The news they flash at you electronically at the IBM pavilion reports events of a hundred

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years ago. And Flushing Meadows is a safe distance away from the glory, squalor and frustration that is the real New York.

But don't the less ambitious shopping centers and the commercial and even academic environment we are so frantically building and which the Fair only noisily echoes – don't they exclude or evade our real problems, the real stuff of history, too? Are we not elsewhere, as well, creating, as historian S. Giedion has called it, "a playboy architecture" for an affluent playboy world? Would that the Fair were the last, sobering outcry, not yet another overture, of that trend.

To build his Fair on the heels of the one at Seattle, Robert Moses flouted the international agreement of the Bureau of International Expositions. The rest of the world – some 30 countries with all the big nations missing – is therefore presented only through some official or unofficial subterfuge. Hence the Fair's theme: "Peace Through Understanding."

With few exceptions you are given to understand the global triumph of the American Hard Sell. On the back of a bale of "Genuine Sudan Silk," for instance, you'll find the label "Made in Great Britain." The architecture is similarly counterfeit. Among the exceptions are the almost self-effacingly handsome Japanese pavilion, a somber, stone-wall enclosure by architect Kunio Mayekawa and sculptor Masayuki Nagare; a very dignified design for Spain and good, rational efforts on behalf of Denmark and Sweden. The Austrian pavilion, though clean, honest architecture, already strains dangerously for effect. The others are Disneyland creations catering to what was presumed to be American expectations of pagodas and the like. The Belgian Village, not yet complete, is unspeakable *kitsch*.

To make money for his Fair, Robert Moses fired his planning and design committee back in 1960 because it wanted to plan and impose some design controls. That, Moses feared, might scare the customers. "We have no master plan," he said, "except in the sense of a framework fashioned by highways, waters, topography and the inheritance of the 1939-40 Fair. . . . Greek and Barbarian, traditionalist and modernist, conservative and iconoclast, right wing and left, all look alike to us."

Moses is right. They all do look alike. During their construction, the renderings and models of the few outstanding Fair buildings by a few outstanding architects promised at least some interest. Now that they are up in steel and plaster that interest has faded, or, rather, been drowned out by the monumental razzle-dazzle of such corporate giants as the GM and Ford pavilions, the Eastman Kodak monstrosity and that Tower of Light that is but an oddly squashed mass of cubes during the day when there is no light beam.

The late Eero Saarinen's IBM "egg" atop plastic-canopied steel "trees" was the brightest such promise. But it doesn't come off as anything but yet another bit of architectural acrobatics. The bleachers which lift people up into the egg, where they are given designer Charles Eames's all-around cinematographic spiel, wasn't operating during my visit. I was thus left to be impressed by the cluttered goings-on under those "trees," and impressed I was not. Saarinen's architecture, I'm sorry to report, doesn't help but hinder IBM's efforts to communicate its story.

Nor, already fatigued, perhaps, by all the visual onslaughts, did I find myself exulting over Philip Johnson's New York State pavilion, the most towering structure at the Fair. The thing consists of three big tubes of different height, with badly-proportioned disks on top of each. The disks serve as observation towers. Beneath them, supported by lots more tubes, is a huge, circular canopy of bright, translucent red, blue and orange plastic panels that look as cheaply plastic as a seven-cent toy. This structure, an intricate cable suspension affair, might have had some of the expressive excitement of the Eiffel Tower. But the gaudy plastic and the massive pillbox tubes spoil the effect and turn this effort, too, into a pretentious piece of pop architecture, adorned by, of all things, still more pop art.

But we can't really blame Saarinen or Johnson for these disappointments. It is, I believe, increasingly evident that not only architecture but all art can rarely produce well in absolute freedom. There must be some restraint. If the material he works with doesn't impose its discipline on the artist, the ultimate function of his creation must; or its need for harmony with its intended surroundings; or tradition; or something. At the Fair, all these restraints have been deliberately removed, and the architects have been asked nothing but to deliver some kind of gimmicky, billboard sculpture. That is just what they did.

You see both shapes of this dilemma in the story of architect Charles Luckman's US pavilion. At first he decided to howl with the hucksters, and proposed a preposterous contraption described as "three giant flying saucers, seemingly suspended in mid-air, and looking rather like the familiar pawnshop sign known to

SUMMER SCHEDULE

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every inhabitant of every skid row." The architectural press howled back, and Luckman was forced into attempting a more dignified design. From no fewer than 28 preliminary presentations the government selected what must have been the most banal. Now the architectural press sneers that it is a "massive square doughnut on four supports." And this giant gift package is, indeed, an awfully long way from symbolizing the pavilion's there, "A Challenge to Greatness."

So, between pawnshop signs and square doughnuts, even such hideous transgressions of architectural decency as the giant papier-mâché replica of the Ulysses S. Grant Gothic Mormon Temple in Utah, or the dainty Coca-Cola carillon spire that brazenly caricatures modern church architecture, no longer offend. "Greek and Barbarian, traditionalist and modernist" all look alike indeed. And I suspect the public cares no more than does Mr. Moses.

But people do seem to care about what of all this taste-making they can take home. There were long lines at the House of Good Taste, which consists of three houses and has good taste in none of them.

Easiest to dismiss are the "Traditional House" and the "Contemporary House," the latter because it wasn't completed at the time of my visit. The former, designed by Merton S. Barrows, is nothing, more or less, than the cute and anachronistic pseudo-something-or-other brick and gabled roof cottages, with electrically-lit kerosene stable lamps and shutters that don't shut, which you see all over Suburbia USA. Fifty years of modern architecture with its efforts to accommodate the functions of modern life are lost on it, because its owners want to crawl back into the womb of a tradition that was never theirs, when they get home from work or the supermarket. Its only innovation is in the kitchen. And this display house is stuffed with the "traditional" imitations you find in every department store. O.K. That's what people seem to want and it is up to the designers and architects to offer them an alternative.

Edward Durrell Stone's House

But that is, in the end, precisely the one thing Edward Durrell Stone's "Modern House" fails to offer. Oh, sure, it's pretty. But it's pretty in a precious, Hollywood kind of way, that provides us with not the much touted "better living," but only a rather pretentious status symbol, whose improvement over the cluttered and impractical "Traditional House" is no greater than the improvements of a Cadillac over a Ford.

Mr. Stone's ingenuity is applied to the art of "styling" rather than of design. When it comes right down to it, the "Modern House," all public-relations cant aside, is, for a family with children, not a bit more liveable or convenient than the "Traditional," and may very well be a less pleasant place to live.

The one advance of the place is that it is inward-looking, and makes no pretense to exhibit itself toward the street and the neighbors as our conventional houses with their useless front lawns do. Like the old Greek and Roman atrium houses, it presents only blank walls to the world and all its rooms are grouped around an inner court. Stone has covered his court with a glass dome and placed a fountain in its center. It makes a beautiful space until you start thinking just how much enjoyment and privacy it offers once the kids, the maid and the delivery men start stomping into, out of and through it because they have no other way to go anywhere in the house. Unless you have the means to somehow ban them all, this "very center of the family's existence . . . that symbolizes their ideals and aspirations," becomes just an empty gesture.

To this gesture Stone has sacrificed all function. The rest of the rooms are small and of utterly uninteresting proportions. The bathrooms are only tiny closets and the four enclosed terraces on the corners of the house are just plain silly. They force their poor owners to furnish, maintain, sweep, water the plants, and in other ways keep up four widely-separated patios without any, let alone quadruple, benefit. All we have here is a very formal but meaningless design gimmick, as useless as the additional pair of headlights or the fins on yesterday's automobiles.

This industrialized, *noveau riche* styling also pervades the furnishings. They are nothing but dreadfully ostentatious and misunderstood regurgitations of the modern furniture classics designed by such masters as Mies van der Rohe, George Nelson and others, with gold and gaudy colors and silly little twists and bends added for endearment. The worst horror is a clumsy copy of Eero Saarinen's beautiful pedestal chair in clear, translucent plastic. It's sickening, even for a cosmetic counter.

If you have Dramamine handy you might venture more of the same at the Formica House. Here our exploration of mid-century good taste in America is illuminated by gushy music, automated stage lighting and a taped, tear-jerking sermon on the virtues of plastic. Be warned. You can't escape this sound-and-light commercial until its bitter end. But it is not without its lesson. For the unctuous anonymous voice keeps making cute statements such as: "Mr. Architect, I want you to design a kitchen that is in love with my wife!"

And that reveals the problem. It becomes clear that here at the Fair as elsewhere it is not we who build our environment. Nor is it the creativity of artists and architects. Their talents, such as they are, are in the service of the unctuous, anonymous voices of commerce. And if that plastic kitchen refuses to love your wife, why you're just plain out of luck.

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James Bond: Culture Hero

by George Grella

Ian Fleming's James Bond is the most famous spy since Mata Hari. The indomitable secret agent reaches every level of literacy: Presidents to popcorn chewers. Not only has the author become a kind of subliterary lion in *Time*, *The New Yorker*, and *The Saturday Review*, which have devoted interviews and articles to his work, but his opinion was solicited on a major network show about the U-2 affair, the producers seeming to consider Mr. Fleming something like the Walter Lippmann of espionage.

Yet there is no puzzle to solve, no criminal to discover, no brilliant method to reveal. Fleming has no view of a corrupt society in the manner of a Cain, a Hammet or a Chandler; his style and outlook are facile and pedestrian. Unlike Mickey Spillane, he doesn't write pornographic thrillers. Unlike Graham Greene, he offers no metaphysical or psychological insight, no significant comment on the nature of good and evil. Eric Ambler, a genuine craftsman, gives us plausible incidents, people stumbling into affairs which are complex, ambiguous, and believable. Newer writers, such as John Le Carré in *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold* or Len Deighton in the largely-unrecognized *Ipcress File*, portray the life of a professional spy as unglamorous, poverty-ridden and full of odd danger – one never knows when his own organization may betray him, or how far a competing unit of his own government will go, or if he must kill someone on his side, or even what side he is on.

To put it plainly, James Bond, despite his lean good looks, his taste in food, wine and women, his high standing in the British Secret Service, his license to kill, is stupid. He disobeys orders and blunders into situations he should have anticipated chapters in advance. He is almost always known to the enemy as soon as he arrives, undercover, on the scene of action. He usually flounders around long enough for his adversaries to disrupt his elaborate plans and capture him.

His only genius lies in an infinite capacity for taking pain. He has suffered (and survived) bombing, shooting, stabbing, poisoning and automobile attack. He has managed to (barely) escape castration by carpet-beater; bisection by buzzsaw; rocket blast; shark, barracuda and octopus attack; a near-fatal increase in height on a health farm stretching apparatus; and a dose of poison from the sex glands of a rare Eastern fish. Such bizarre punishment is oddly requited: Bond has enjoyed the charms of the expensive Tiffany Case; the Bahamian nature girl, Honeychile Rider; the mystic Solitaire; and the ineffable Pussy Galore.

No secret agent could behave with such incompetence and still achieve such high renown, such titillating rewards. Fleming's characters are grotesques, the much-publicized sex is chrome-plated, not at all shocking, and the plots are repetitive from book to book. The solution of the paradox of James Bond's popularity may be, not in considering the novels as thrillers, but as something very different, as historic epic and romance, based on the stuff of myth and legend.

Thus, the affectionate fondling of brand names, which readers cite as an example of authenticity, is a contemporary version of the conventional epic catalogue. It is important for the reader to know that Bond wears Sea Island cotton shirts, smokes a Macedonian blend of cigarettes, tells time by a Rolex Oyster watch, fires a Walther PPK 7.65 automatic in a Berns-Martin Triple Draw holster, drives a Mark II Bentley Continental, and so on, just as it is important for the reader of the *Iliad* to be told the immense detail of Achilles' shield. Instead of a catalogue of ships, Fleming gives us a catalogue of clothes, toilet accessories, or background material about some exotic place or some arcane field of knowledge. The catalogues reflect the culture: the long lists of brand names suggest the affluence of a capitalist civilization, just as Bond suggests the secure investment.

Bond fights epic battles, taking seriously what Pope used humorously in his mock epic, *The Rape of the Lock* – the epic game of cards. James Bond has won harrowing games of blackjack, baccarat, bridge, even canasta. Like Ulysses, he travels far, from Turkey to Las Vegas, the Mediterranean, the Caribbean, the Atlantic, even Miami Beach. He makes the obligatory trip to the underworld when he skindives in the Bahamas, travels through the sewers of Istanbul, visits the domain of Mr. Big in Harlem, negotiates Dr. No's cruel tunnel of terror. His name indicates further facets of his character: he is entrusted with the mammoth task of safeguarding an entire civilization; the free world depends on his actions.

In *Moonraker* the situation parallels the Perseus-St. George myth, an appropriate one for Bond's rescue of London from the great rocket of Sir Hugo Drax, the huge dragon menacing England. Drax has red hair, an ugly, burned face which even plastic surgery cannot mask, splayed "ogre's teeth"; the great burst of fire he hopes to turn on London is the modern equivalent of the dragon's flames. Fleming employs an ironic reversal of one aspect of the Perseus myth: instead of rescuing Andromeda from the cliff where she is chained, Bond and his Andromeda, Galatea Brand, are nearly killed when one of the Dover cliffs, with some urging from Drax, falls on them. Of course Bond survives and, after escaping steamhosing and the lift-off of the Moonraker rocket (more fire from the dragon's nostrils), saves London. Alone among Bond novels, the hero fails to get the girl at the end: as a modern St. George, it would scarcely be appropriate for

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him to win the fair maiden.

In *Live and Let Die*, Bond travels to New York to confront Mr. Big, a giant Negro who controls a black brotherhood of crime, gathering gold to aid the Soviet Union. With his Negro network, his voodoo cult, his clairvoyant mistress, Mr. Big is almost omnipotent; his followers believe he is Baron Samedi, the Devil himself. He even controls the fishes of the sea, summoning shark and barracuda to defend his island. But Bond hurls the epic boast, which we know will clinch his victory, "Big Man? Then let it be a giant, a homeric slaying." His boast is fulfilled; just as he and Solitaire are to be dragged over a coral reef and shredded, Bond's mine blows up Mr. Big's boat and Big is devoured by the fish he tamed, his immense head bobbing bodyless in the sea. Bond again saves Civilization, this time from the powers of blackness.

Goldfinger is probably the most obvious reworking of early myth. Auric Goldfinger, who drives a gold car, carries his money in solid gold, dreams of robbing Fort Knox, and likes his women gold-plated all over, is a reincarnation of King Midas. Midas was tone deaf and earned a pair of ass's ears for misjudging a music contest between Pan and Apollo; Goldfinger, when Bond first meets him, is wearing a hearing aid and sunning himself with a set of tin wings resembling a pair of long, slightly pointed ears. Midas' barber, unable to contain the secret of his master's aural adornment, whispered his message into a hole. Later a reed grew and told the secret to all passers-by. James Bond, in Goldfinger's captivity, must foil the planned robbery of Fort Knox; he tapes his message to an airplane toilet seat, the only hole available, and thus transmits it to the outside world.

Fleming's best-known book, *Dr. No*, (there's a movie version too) is the most purely mythic of his works. Dr. No is the archetypal monster who casts a blight on the land and who must be conquered by the unquenchable spirit of life. He inhabits a lavish underground fortress in a guano island in the Caribbean, from which he misguides American missiles with intricate electronic apparatus. He has come to the British government's attention through complaints of the Audubon Society about the deaths of thousands of roseate spoonbills. Dr. No intimidates the natives and scares off the birds with a fire-breathing tractor made to resemble a dragon; his dragon is devastating the island of dung, killing the birds, the game wardens, all natural life. For his violation of nature, Dr. No must be punished by the grand spirit of affirmation, James Bond. Naturally Bond's mission fails at first; he is detected and captured by the evil doctor. After a rich meal and an opportunity to enumerate and use the deluxe living accommodations of the island fortress, Bond is subjected to an agonizing series of tortures in a tunnel of horrors, including an ordeal by fire and by water. He manages to crawl through the bowels of the island (anthropomorphically, the bowels of the monster as well), and kill Dr. No's pet giant octopus, displaying all the while superhuman strength and stamina. He buries Dr. No alive in a

Cater-Cousins

Having roused my feelings
to their utmost skills, with one
the other's prompter till they swelled
into a concert that revealed me, ringing,
past the self of knowing,
I wonder
now where they exert their wills
and where they tarry. For they are –
and I would be their truthful telling –
my one compelling story.
I wander
like a fugitive inside a scuffling crowd
or like this chilblained morning, blue
and mooning at the barred-in window,
dreaming of a long-
starved sun
(for only appetite can whet that eye
to light on such hunched, grizzly garden),
a show of passion. Let a blizzard
crack its frozen chaps,
Oh let
the scraps go flying in a fake event
that I forget this pallor and this emptiness by what distraction. A panic
in the streets,
bloody riotings
fire enjoys, disaster, mean more surely
than the days in their parade, anonymous
as glarings – whited, stone-blind eyes –
of statues.
Waiting may last
longer than we are, like calendars
thumbed to the end, then swept, dead
leaves, away. Ah, no. Those cater-
cousins
having once been roused,
I, the roused in turn and deeply learned
in their lore, can answer – all the rest
cheap whores, indifferent, so costly –
though it be forever, to no other.

THEODORE WEISS

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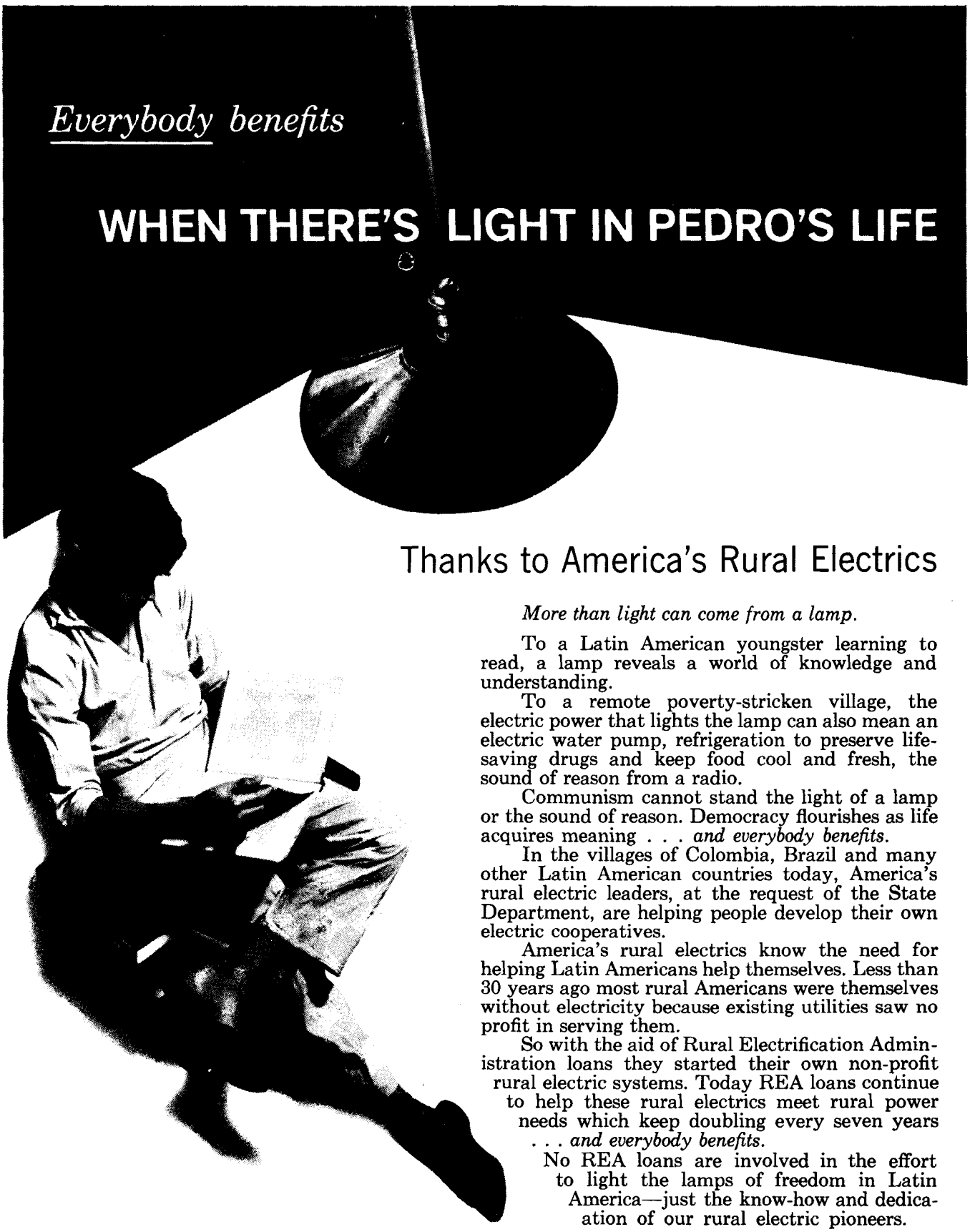

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small mountain of guano. He has brought back the fertility of the land by ridding nature of the destroyer. As his reward, he spends a night with Honeychile Rider, the nymph of the Bahamas, who knows the secrets of snakes, spiders and seashells. His heroic reward is the possession of the nature spirit herself; it is richly deserved. James Bond has redeemed the Waste Land.

The much-touted background which distinguishes the Bond novel, the close attention to real places and real names, the bits of esoteric information, are all products of an expensive research organization. Aside from their epic function, the lists of names lend only a spurious authenticity which is negated by other lapses from realism. Not only do people like Dr. No and Mr. Big inhabit an unreal world, but even their surface reality is questionable. Fleming's painstaking tour of Manhattan with Bond in *Live and Let Die* proves only that he can read a New York City map. Mr. Fleming is maladroit at transcribing American English; his Negro dialect echoes *Porgy and Bess.* His Americans, from cabdrivers to CIA agents, speak like graduates of non-U public schools. In *Diamonds Are Forever,* Bond thinks the tails attached to automobile antennas are beaver tails. No one in America hunts beaver for their tails or for anything else and not even teenagers fly squirrel tails (which don't look at all like beaver tails) from their cars any more. It's been thirty years since jaded Cafe Society types slummed in Harlem; Fleming seems to think it's still fashionable.

But no matter; we are dealing with myths. Vivienne Michel, the breathless French-Canadian girl who narrates *The Spy Who Loved Me,* may be intended as a representation of the typical James Bond fan. Most of the book concentrates on her rather unexciting sexual reminiscences in an odd fusion of *True Confessions* and *McCall's.* She is rescued from a pair of gangsters in an Adirondack motel by the coincidental appearance of our agent. After first fumbling the job (he can't kill in cold blood, he explains, forgetting that he's hired for that job and that in another book he's detailed a couple of these jobs), Bond triumphs. He and Vivienne couple hygienically (in air-conditioned comfort, on Beautyrest mattresses, with Sanitized toilet facilities), and Vivienne comments on the action, "He had come from nowhere like the prince in the fairy tales, and he had saved me from the dragon . . . and then, when the dragon was dead, he had taken me as his reward." Vivienne doesn't have Bond's powerful Bentley, she drives a "cute little Vespa." She lists a variety of brand names, but hers consist of clothes and motel appliances. Her comments about the dragon indicate that she, at least, recognizes what's up.

In Fleming's most recent novel, *On Her Majesty's Secret Service,* Bond saves England from biological warfare waged by Ernst Blofeld, the elusive chief of SPECTRE. He narrowly escapes death and matrimony. Blofeld murders Bond's bride of a few hours and escapes, no doubt to reappear in a future novel. Bond, though hardly chaste, still must be unmarried, celibate in his fight against evil. Since there can be no Son of Bond, Blofeld does agent 007 a great service.

Mr. Anthony Boucher, an astute and prolific critic of thrillers, complained in a *New York Times* review of the book, that only bad shooting enabled Bond to escape his enemies. Mr. Boucher is correct, but he criticizes the book as a poor thriller, neglecting the myth: since Bond leads a charmed life, no one can ever shoot him dead.

Perhaps centuries from now, scholars will trace assiduously those references to Yardley soap, Kent brushes, Lanvin perfume, Sanitized toilet seats. Perhaps there will be a variorum Fleming, and "Fleming men" as there are "Milton men." Theses may be written on the epicene role of M, clearly a father figure (yet why unmarried? and that maternal sounding initial is rather damning). For James Bond is the Renaissance man in mid-century guise, lover, warrior, connoisseur. He fights the forces of darkness, speaks for the sanitary achievements of the age, enjoys hugely the fruits of the free enterprise economy. He lives the dreams of countless drab people, his gun ready, his honor intact, his morals loose: the hero of our anxiety-ridden, mythless age: the savior of our culture.

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Transition in the Middle East

by Elizabeth Monroe

Like the man in Goldsmith's elegy who recovered from the bite, whereas the dog died, Gamal Abdel Nasser remains ruler of Egypt long after three men who would have liked to topple him are either in eclipse or dead. These three books deal with each of the three adversaries at his moment of contest with the survivor – with Nuri Pasha at the heyday of his Baghdad Pact with Turkey and Britain, and with Anthony Eden and John Foster Dulles during the Suez crisis. Each book was written with a different purpose: Mr. Epstein's, to analyze the British political system under strain; Ambassador Gallman's, to offer his personal impressions of a congenial Arab of the old school; Mr. Finer's to show Dulles at his sanctimonious worst. Yet the descriptions of how three statesmen went about the business of keeping Nasser at bay lead to the same train of thought: Now that the world is full of weapons that expose the ordinary citizen to annihilation, is it possible to pursue a foreign policy that entails readiness to take military action unless that policy has a wide measure of public support? Must not that policy be, at minimum, bipartisan, and also have some backing from world opinion?

British Politics in the Suez Crisis
by Leon D. Epstein
(Illinois; $5)

Iraq under General Nuri
Recollections 1954-58
by Waldemar J. Gallman
(Johns Hopkins; $5.95)

Dulles over Suez
by Herman Finer
(Quadrangle; $7.50)

The book on Nuri Pasha, though in every sense the slightest of the three is described first because Nuri represents the extreme case of flouting public opinion; he paid the extreme penalty for doing so. To Western friends (not only to Ambassador Gallman but to Eden) Nuri was a citizen of the world and a realist about Arab weakness, and about the dangers of the cold war. Gallman therefore enjoyed his company, and would have had him receive American support in a measure that Eden had given, but that Dulles refused to give.

In Ambassador Gallman's esteem, Dulles' support could have secured Nuri's survival; it is equally plausible to argue that Eden's caused his grisly end. For Nuri was savagely murdered in the first days of the Iraqi revolution of 1958 largely because the alliance he had struck up with Britain and Turkey (the Baghdad Pact) was undertaken regardless of Iraqi antipathy to links with anyone but Arabs, and regardless of a popular yearning for the Arab neutralism of which Nasser was the evangelist.

Can Eden be said likewise to have paid with his political life for flouting the main axiom of contemporary foreign policy? On the whole Mr. Epstein thinks not. His scholarly book is a study of the British party system during the Suez deviation from the bipartisan principle, and it reaches a depressing conclusion. This is that the Suez fiasco, in that it left the Conservative party in office, proves that the stability of the British political system hangs on a party cohesion so complete that all good men must put party loyalty before all else. They must even follow a prime minister so doubtful of their reactions that he tells only a handful of his cabinet what he is up to. Judging by this book, the opinions of constituency organizations that have a vested interest in maintaining party power

The Horn Book

STUDIES IN EROTIC FOLKLORE AND BIBLIOGRAPHY

By G. LEGMAN

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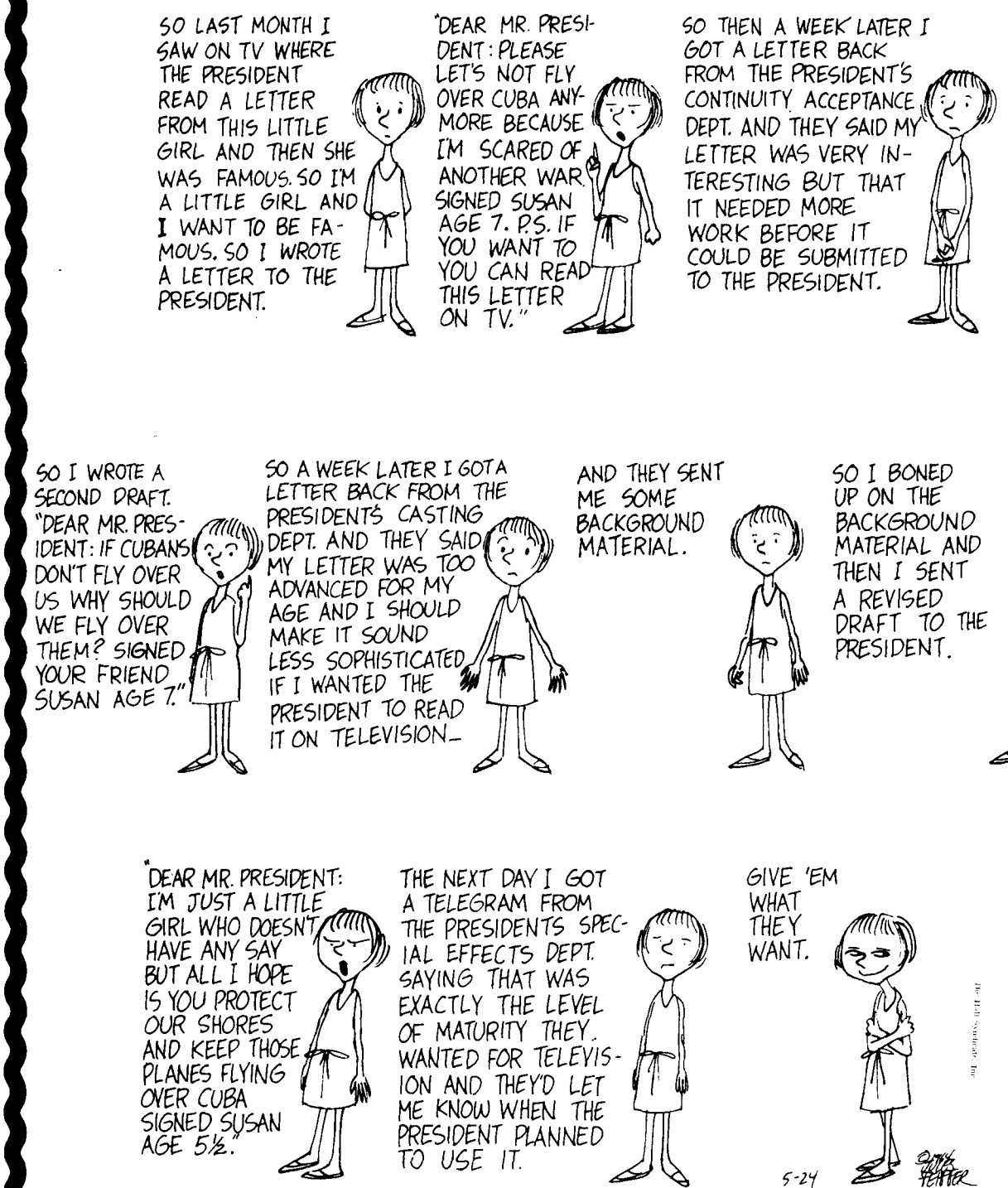
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"DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: PLEASE LET'S NOT FLY OVER CUBA ANYMORE BECAUSE I'M SCARED OF ANOTHER WAR. SIGNED SUSAN AGE 7. P.S. IF YOU WANT TO YOU CAN READ THIS LETTER ON TV."
SO THEN A WEEK LATER I GOT A LETTER BACK FROM THE PRESIDENT'S CONTINUITY ACCEPTANCE DEPT. AND THEY SAID MY LETTER WAS VERY INTERESTING BUT THAT IT NEEDED MORE WORK BEFORE IT COULD BE SUBMITTED TO THE PRESIDENT.
SO I WROTE A SECOND DRAFT. "DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: IF CUBANS DON'T FLY OVER US WHY SHOULD WE FLY OVER THEM? SIGNED YOUR FRIEND SUSAN AGE 7."
SO A WEEK LATER I GOT A LETTER BACK FROM THE PRESIDENT'S CASTING DEPT. AND THEY SAID MY LETTER WAS TOO ADVANCED FOR MY AGE AND I SHOULD MAKE IT SOUND LESS SOPHISTICATED IF I WANTED THE PRESIDENT TO READ IT ON TELEVISION—
AND THEY SENT ME SOME BACKGROUND MATERIAL.
SO I BONED UP ON THE BACKGROUND MATERIAL AND THEN I SENT A REVISED DRAFT TO THE PRESIDENT.
"DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: I'M JUST A LITTLE GIRL WHO DOESN'T HAVE ANY SAY BUT ALL I HOPE IS YOU PROTECT OUR SHORES AND KEEP THOSE PLANES FLYING OVER CUBA SIGNED SUSAN AGE 5½."
THE NEXT DAY I GOT A TELEGRAM FROM THE PRESIDENTS SPECIAL EFFECTS DEPT. SAYING THAT WAS EXACTLY THE LEVEL OF MATURITY THEY WANTED FOR TELEVISION AND THEY'D LET ME KNOW WHEN THE PRESIDENT PLANNED TO USE IT.
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count for more than those of the member or voter who remains capable of independent judgment. (It shows that Conservative rebels who held safe seats were reckoned by the party leaders to be expendable.)

Yet is Epstein right to draw general deductions from the Suez incident, or was it a special case? Some British analysts believe that the Conservative party got the support that enabled it to survive, (and, indeed to win the next general election) because it perpetrated an act that, subconsciously, represented national chagrin at loss of imperial power and of power to pursue an independent foreign policy. It is arguable that the main factors that enabled the conservatives to weather the opposition outcry were, first, the prevalence of this transient state of nostalgia for greatness and self determination, and, subsequently, acknowledgment of the realism with which Macmillan, Butler and others had reacted to world opinion and to the flight from sterling. A point to which Mr. Epstein devotes too little space is that a penalty has to be paid for plunging into such an adventure without bipartisan support, and that Eden personally paid it. Though the immediate cause of his resignation was a physical ailment, it is impossible to conceive that he could, even if well, have retained public confidence and the leadership after making so many mistakes – after carrying secrecy to the point of endangering a military operation, after misjudging the strength of his adversary and after so grossly miscalculating the reaction of world opinion. If a British premier were in all circumstances able to survive such errors on the strength of party loyalty and cohesion, there would be much to be said for instituting at Westminster the checks and balances of a House Foreign Relations Committee.

And what of American opinion? Mr. Finer discounts it. Dulles did not. If Finer had been Secretary of State, this country would have gone along with Eden and Mollet and Ben-Gurion. It would have reasoned that Nasser must be ousted, because otherwise a tool of the Soviets would control the Middle East. It would have dismissed out of hand the very idea that a neutralist nation might be trustworthy. It would have reckoned that a NATO ally, right or wrong, must take priority over conformity to the United Nations Charter. Dulles, by Finer's standards, failed on these counts out of craven fear of Soviet reprisals. Finer's recipe, if a UN solution in accordance with United States wishes were not quickly forthcoming, would have been for the United States to go all the way with "quelling Egypt's belligerency" and securing "a plan for canal management acceptable to Britain and France":

> "It would be hoped that justice would be eventually seen to be on the side of such an (American) approach, and that the strength of Britain, France and Israel would continue to be exerted until Nasser's violence was appropriately disciplined. . . . All of the Arab world would have raged and vociferated against it, and most of the Asian nations as well. . . . But such passion and rancor could not then, and in all probability could never thereafter, have done the slightest practical damage to America's interests and reputation. . . . America's resistance to the claimant new nations would eventually have required them also to conform their own unjust ego-

QUESTION:

What do the following people have in common?

Linus Pauling **Bertrand Russell**

Sidney Hook **Thomas C. Schelling**

Anatoly Dobrynin **Herman Kahn**

Ernest van den Haag **U Thant**

ANSWER:

***They are all among the contributors to the current edition of* Yale Political**

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isms and their many vindictive illusions."

Doses of power politics of this strength, coupled with much over-statement and special pleading, detract from the book's main value, which is its blow by blow account of the stages between August and mid-October, whereby Dulles let Eden down. Yet the indictment induces a reaction in the villain's favor. For, infuriating though Dulles was in his evangelism and conscious rectitude, he throughout those months kept his finger on the pulse of American opinion about the use of force, as well as on world opinion of Nasser's act, and good faith, and capacity. The contrast he offers to Eden and Nuri in this respect is pointed by the fact that, alone of the three men, he died his political death from natural causes.

What Is Wrong with Us

by David T. Bazelon

The Vested Interests is a very heavy-handed book by a very young man; but it also is quite informative and substantially imaginative, in its own special way. The content is good, unless you are Full Up To Here With It; the style and manner of the book is so interesting that I hardly know what to make of it, and will therefore attempt to exhibit my confusion concisely. (After all, the kids are going to inherit, along with everything else, everything that we did not manage to do with this particular world we never really lived in.)

The Vested Interests
by Edward Ziegler
(Macmillan; $6.95)

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In nasty, devastating detail, Ziegler demonstrates once again exactly what is wrong with us. It's a job well done. I won't burden you with the details, because I am sure you have heard about them by now. We are rich in a new way, but we hate it conventionally. We are damned if we are going to try to make sense of our affluence. Our whole effort is directed toward reinstituting poverty as a Problem, which can then be let alone in the full ineptitude of our established affluence. Mr. Ziegler elaborates this absurdity to the extent of the overlarge presence of a cartoon. If you were going to do a cartoon, you might very well do it exactly this way. Which leaves mainly the question of whether what you really want or ought to do is to make a cartoon, about this particular American structural mess.

Jokes, yes; cartoons, no: that's my position. The American reality cannot e borne, not for two seconds, without umor; but cartoons, that's another atter. First of all, they are not so nny – or only haphazardly so. Secid of all, clear overstatement is the st thing we need. Why? Because the oss reality itself, the one thing we ve left to talk about, is so obviously erstated that it is obscured rather in revealed by duplication in expression. What we need is subtlety about all our commonplaces: a low-key, even bored view of Hollywood, advertising and other raucous presences, for instance. Overstating the obscure, understating the obvious – that is the key to dealing with the central absurdities of American existence.

The quickest characterization of the book is that it is made up of excellent high-level journalism, very good impressionistic sociology, and rather bad or at least very uneven Veblen. (Of course, there is nothing really bad in Veblen; but some of his qualities are less to be utilized than others, for our day.) Mr. Ziegler certainly understands the structure and function of the major private power-groupings in our society, beginning with the main one – the big corporation. And he is extremely adept and suggestive in weaving together the mutuality of the facts of economic power and their ideological and spiritual expression. The usefulness in reviving the old-fashioned term, "the vested interests," is that it facilitates this work, which is essential. The vesting of an interest, in his view, does not consist merely or even primarily in its duration through time, but rather in its successful spiritual self-assertion, leading to secure inclusion in the symbol-structure of the society. Thus, his analysis of corporate power includes the proper layout of concentration figures *and* a brilliant analysis of the executive shoe-shine. Indeed, he is most creative and worthwhile in his thinking about office ritual – and he employs some excellent Veblen-type terms in carrying it on, such as "ceremonial luxuriance," "stylized group magic," "psychic income," and others. He has very deftly joined the Veblen of both *The Theory of Business Enterprise* and *The Theory of the Leisure Class* (the only two books of Veblen he cites in his bibliography).

But the book begins with the statement – "A vested interest is an institution with economic power that seeks profit and is under private control" – and a promising later chapter entitled "The Rise of Administered Optimism" doesn't manage to get much beyond the fact the people really do read Norman Vincent Peale, and always have since Ben Franklin started the endeavor and

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Bruce Barton brought it to such exquisite perfection in *The Man Nobody Knows*, where Jesus became a really live-wire Rotarian. On the other hand (again), he substitutes the term "secular piety" for Galbraith's "conventional wisdom," and throughout employs imagery derived equally from theology and the trade of the prestidigitator. I absolutely agree that this is the right direction for fresh power-analysis. His notion of "psychic income" accompanying, being exchanged for, and generally paralleling the more usual kind is very suggestive. But he beats the administered-optimism notion so near to the door of death that he actually suggests the business cycle is caused by its successes and failures. Well, I know how important "confidence" is to businessmen and gamblers who never have enough of it, but I can think of some better ideas about the *causes* of the business cycle.

In the end, very bright but just too heavy-handed. The underlying tone is one of throttled fury which, in some of its nuance, is even frightening – even to me (and I'm not a baby about these things). The overlying tone is the Veblenian above-it-all, larger-than-life, stoical contempt, regularly utilizing heavy definition. Two things here: 1) Veblen was parodying the academic style of his day because he had to; and 2) he fortunately possessed the literary genius to carry it off. Also, Mr. Ziegler too often abandons the pose and sneers out loud. Veblen had the literary good taste to stick with it through his own literary eternity. That way you end up kicking a house to bits and dying in a rage – but you leave better writing behind you.

I emphasize style in criticizing a book of social analysis, in which the social analysis is both courageous and excellent, because style is becoming ever more clearly the essential factor in social analysis. You know the story: poetry went to the drama, then both sought refuge in the novel, and now the whole package is showing up in social criticism (after a thankfully short sojourn in literary criticism). Without the subtly involuted love and rage of style, how embroider the text of the day – People are stupid, the world is terrible, what the hell am I doing here? The final point is this: Anything other or certainly less than a straight and thorough power-analysis of society is no longer respectable. And any such analysis must include centrally the power-uses of any and all ideology, from theology to street-signs. But *there* the truly human problem begins, not ends. Because when I get that far I begin to notice that I have killed myself and my wife and my child, as well as all those stinkers out there. The situation then certainly calls for poetic commitment of a very strenuous order. Indeed, such would appear to be a matter of life or death.

FILMS

Chalk and Cheese

The Chalk Garden (Universal)
What A Way to Go! (20th Century Fox)

It was a surprise to read some time ago that Ross Hunter would film Enid Bagnold's play *The Chalk Garden*. He is the Fanny Farmer of producers; Miss Bagnold's play, exquisitely terse and uncomfortably comic, is about as close as the 20th-Century theater has come to the texture of I. Compton-Burnett – that is, Stygian revelation under mannered brightness. But Hunter has not become a premier vulgarian without knowing his job. The play deals with hate, selfishness, neurotic fancy, injustice and terrible justice; it ends with the weeding of an ego-choked human garden in order to let love grow. With the instinct of a skilled sugar-refiner, Hunter has concentrated on the last element and he has diminished the rest.

But, although he has maimed the play, it is too wiry for him to kill it. The crinkum-crankum of the characters has been considerably ironed out, but there remains something of the image of molecules of emotional intensity bombarding one another in a country-house cyclotron. Hunter, through his obedient scribe John Michael Hayes, has deleted Pinkbell, the bedridden tyrannical butler, has altered Maitland, the odd mother-hen manservant, to a quietly splendid chap with a secret sorrow, has sweetened up the bitter and has also sweetened up the sweet; but the confectionery décor cannot help following the architecture of this substantial work.

Deborah Kerr, as Miss Madrigal, the governess with a tenaciously guarded past, is the best of the three actresses I have seen in the role. Siobhan McKenna, in New York, was interesting but stolid; Peggy Ashcroft in London was affectedly eccentric; Miss Kerr is genteel but not overly gentle, attractively invulnerable. Edith Evans, as her dotty old employer, is an actress whose art no longer needs praise; the only reservation (which is even stronger on screen than in her London performance) is an ungallant one. Mrs. St. Maugham ought to be a faded beauty, as Gladys

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Cooper was in New York. (Query: Is it more caddish to say that Dame Edith is not a faded beauty or to say that Miss Cooper is one?) John Mills plays Maitland as English heart-of-oak, very staunch, and, from Miss Bagnold's viewpoint, entirely wrong. His daughter, Hayley Mills, has some effective bursts of hysteria as the teen-age granddaughter, but does not convince as the thin overbred end of a quasi aristocratic line. What was needed was the 15-year-old female equivalent of James Fox in *The Servant*. Miss Mills seems a harum-scarum, "difficult" child from your local high school.

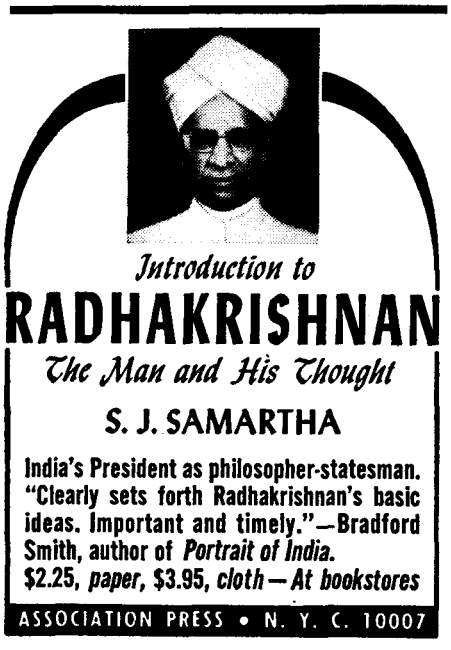
Having thus been rude to a Dame of the British Empire and an adored young English actress, let me make small amends by saying that Felix Aylmer, repeating his London performance of the judge, brings with him invisible volumes of autobiography, of experience piled on experience, so full that individual features have been lost, have resolved into a rich-grained texture of life lived, acknowledged, accepted. It must also be noted that his speech is as effortlessly beautiful as that of any speaker of English alive.

Surely Betty Comden and Adolph Green are the two luckiest writers of our time. With large comic ambitions and lesser comic abilities, they have managed to negotiate a treaty with the public establishing them as scintillating satirists – and even, on occasion, skilled performers. Since they began work in the late 30's as members of a troupe called The Revuers (which also included Judy Holliday), they have persuaded audiences to accept intent for deed. In show biz, one is not supposed to argue with success, but perhaps one may presume to wonder at it; and the latter-day arrivals of such groups as *The Premise, From the Second City, Beyond the Fringe,* and *The Establishment* have possibly made clear to some how inflated the Comden-Green currency has been.

Here they are again with a script called *What A Way to Go!*, which has nothing to do with Wright Morris' recent novel of the same name. It is advertised as a comedy, has comedy titles and credits, and has the Comden-Green label on it to command us to start laughing early. But its humor (let us not mention wit) is like a long series of cartoons with captions omitted. It tells of a young four-time widow who has wanted nothing from her husbands but the quiet simple life and who has brought them all success or increased success, hectic life, sudden death. The premise is tenable; but the script is nothing *but* premise. Every gag is either telegraphed or trite, sometimes both; and a good deal is reminiscent of previous Comden-Green *opera*. For example, each episode with each husband contains a fantasy-satire of some stock type of movie: silent flicker, sub-titled Montmartre film, lush Ross Hunter film, Busby Berkeley musical. These cliché spoofs of clichés may still amuse some, but will probably be less amusing to those who remember the Comden-Green *Billion Dollar Baby* of twenty years ago or others of their sketches. In the world of Hollywood and Broadway the chief requirement for being a humorist is to have a reputation as a humorist; from then on, material that would flunk out of the Harvard Hasty Pudding Show will convulse the converted.

Shirley MacLaine proves again that she is a stunning dancer and a stilted actress. The film's only interest is that Paul Newman, so admirable in serious roles, gives one of his rare acceptable comic performances as an American painter in Paris. And he manages this in a satire on modern art that, in this depressed field, is a new nadir.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN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ART

Dying, Egypt, Dying

About the time Chairman Khrushchev was sailing past Byzantium on his way to Egypt and a hero's welcome, the Chairman of the House Appropriations Committee was presiding over the sinking of this country's chance to be at least a second grade hero in Egypt by contributing 12 million dollars to the saving of the Abu Simbel temples. As is generally known, the United States, following the rigid moralism of John Foster Dulles, reneged on its early offer to help finance the high dam at Aswan, a structure calculated to be a giant step in bringing Egypt into the 20th Century economically. Part of the cost of the dam is the flooding of the Abu Simbel area where are situated some of the most ancient and important monuments of man's stay on earth. The USSR stepped in to pick up our dropped tab for the dam itself and a number of nations agreed to underwrite a spectacular feat of art engineering which would transfer the temples to high ground. Our share was 12 million. As Appropriations was deciding not to appropriate, the Egyptians announced they had just received another loan of $44 million from their guest.

The beauty part is that the 12 million we saved wasn't really 12 million dollars at all. Nothing will be added to the US Treasury or removed from the taxpayers' obligations as a result of this economy stroke. The 12 million is funny money: the same kind of non-cash with which we send scholars to lecture in foreign universities and Congressmen to live it up at international watering places. It is a small fraction of a very large American credit in Egyp-

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tian pounds, a credit which can only be spent for cultural purposes in the United Arab Republic. Since the credit exists and is so circumscribed, as the Metropolitan's chief Egyptologist, Henry G. Fischer, has written, "One can hardly conceive a more appropriate use for it."

The immediate cause of the burial in Appropriations is ritualistic economizing. Indeed Abu Simbel failure becomes a classic example. It looks like frugality, yet saves not a penny and it gives the committee members a chance to congratulate one another on keeping yet another chunk of American money at home, even though the money is already gone and the only question is how to spend the credits. Better still, the failure to earmark funds for Abu Simbel shows a rugged American disdain of culture.

Still, Appropriations, in swinging the economy axe at a non-real expenditure, was performing a part in the ritual that it has always performed, is expected to perform and, on the whole, performs with considerable style. The thing is that in other performances of the ritual, there is an answering voice from somewhere crying, Spare that tree, or, Let my people go. Here it all took place in silence, except for the poor Egyptian cultural officials who have been sending over very high class exhibitions, from the King Tut treasures to the more recent Eliot Elisofon photographic voyage down the Nile with passing documentation of both Aswan and Abu Simbel. But one expects the client nation in such an affair to make such representations. The Egyptian representations have been exceptionally beautiful but they never got closer than six blocks to Capitol Hill and that's not close enough to get the attention that's needed.

What was missing was a strong American voice. Since conspiracy theories of history have come back into style, we can put this absence of a strong American voice down to a conspiracy. And not only to a conspiracy, but to that finest kind of conspiracy, a Jewish plot. We haven't had one since the death of Stalin and that never really caught on. It was, in this reading of events, a very loose conspiracy. The Elders of Zion weren't even asked to get out a protocol on the subject. But – loosely – it worked like this: Culture in America is very largely a Jewish enterprise, not so much from action of the Elders as from the simple fact that nobody else cares very much. You start going to concerts, reading books, looking at pictures and seeing plays and pretty soon you're hanging around with Jews all the time. Many a road company manager will testify that an amazing number of American cities are just plain dead during the High Holy Days. The tradition of Jewish philanthropy applies here, too. Cultural enterprise is always on the edge of bankruptcy, a condition which prompts the interested and rich Jew to reach for his checkbook, while it prompts the interested and rich *goy* to start a campaign for the schoolchildren's pennies.

Meanwhile, way down in Egypt land, Colonel Nasser has his own rituals which he observes just as faithfully as Congressman Rooney observes his and more flamboyantly. Prominent among these is the incantation, "Israel delenda est." This ritual observance is calculated to compensate the Egyptian peasant for his life of misery and to rally the other Arab states round the Nasser banner. It hasn't been wildly successful in that latter end, but one thing it isn't calculated to do at all is to stir up flaming sympathy among American Jews, who, in addition to being the majority stockholders in American culture, occupy the same position in the Israel bond business.

The conclusion follows from the premises: Without the support of the Jewish cultural community, nothing much gets done in American culture; but the Abu Simbel project, unfortunately, is intimately related to the main anti-Israeli force in the world today; ergo, you can hardly blame American Jews for not organizing a crusade to save the monuments.

The last irony in the whole picture is that the saving of the monuments, together, of course, with the high dam itself, just might temper the high wind of Nasser's "foreign policy" (delenda and all that) to the young lamb across the southeast corner of the Mediterranean: if Arab get-up-and-go can begin to build prosperity, or even subsistence, for the masses, and at the same time identify Arabism with the old-time Pharaohs – the connection is about as close as that between the Johnson Administration and the high Maya – then some of the pressure for military adventures would be relieved. Hence, in a long-range view, the survival of Israel would be forwarded, not threatened, by American participation in the Abu Simbel rescue and the bond-holders should have nudged the box-holders to get things moving and cry down Rooneyism.

All of this, however, has been on the

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

George Grella *teaches English at Kenyon College.* Theodore Weiss's *long poem,* Gunsight, *has recently been published by the New York University Press.* Elizabeth Monroe *is a don at St. Antony's College, Oxford.* David T. Bazelon *is the author of* The Paper Economy.

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pedestrian level of the way things actually are in the American cultural scene. It is also possible to speak of the way things ought to be, taking our oughts from the way they are in most other nations, including Israel and Egypt. In those lands, the governments regard culture as something deserving official support and encouragement, much the way our government regards speculation in oil and grain. Just as we have cabinet officers for the furtherance of such speculation, so other nations have ministries for the furtherance of culture. It is the lack of this top-level representation that is finally responsible for the triumph of Rooneyism in Abu Simbel. Before Congress as before the world, we have no one to speak for culture. And we should.

The shame of our idiocy in this affair is not really the strange course of logic and reason here outlined, nor the Cold War disadvantage, but the shirking of an obligation to the past and to the future. We are all the descendants of those Egyptians who built at Abu Simbel. Ordinary family piety should compel us to preserve the shrines of the fathers for the children who are yet to come.

FRANK GETLEIN

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Law, Liberty and Psychiatry

Sirs:

Disagreement with Judge Wright's conclusions in his review of Thomas S. Szasz' *Law, Liberty and Psychiatry* would not elicit a response. However, since his review also shows evidence of either careless reading or careful misreading, the character of the book merits further exposition.

Wright insinuates, by his choice of words, that the data presented by Dr. Szasz on involuntary commitment is poorly documented. The majority of these data were taken from the 1961 Senate hearing on the Constitutional rights of the mentally ill.

In stating that Dr. Szasz provides no useful answers to the problems raised, Judge Wright makes a value judgment he does not bother to defend, and manages to imply to all but the most careful reader that no alternatives were offered at all. Perhaps the three long-range goals, and the six short-range goals are not "useful" in Wright's value system, but by giving us common knowledge of what is being done, rather than mentioning the proposals made, he misleads, and slights his duty as reviewer.

Wright states that Dr. Szasz "will have no part" of the new developments he mentions, while in fact, Dr. Szasz does recognize progress in the field of psychiatry. What Dr. Szasz does not recognize as progress, a point made over and over again, is that a "kindly" commitment to a mental "hospital," by our friends or relatives, sans lawyer and Constitutional safeguards, is not *always* good for you.

Judge Wright runs up his true colors when he berates Dr. Szasz for ". . . having them [the mentally ill] walk the streets . . . until . . . they commit some crime. . . ." Aside from the fact that Dr. Szasz does not advocate the freedom of individuals threatening or doing harm to others, it is not in the American tradition to lock up our "sick brethren" against their will, without the usual Constitutional guarantees, unless and until they are convicted of a criminal offense.

Dr. Szasz does not "brand" anyone as criminal, nor does he make ". . . criminals out of the mentally ill. . . ." He does cite a number of cases in which individuals desiring to undergo criminal trial were nevertheless committed without trial for periods of time very likely exceeding the sentence for the criminal charge for which they were arrested.

Tracing the history of pyschiatry, Dr. Szasz identifies a deterministic point of view carried over from medicine. Rather than properly treating "mental illness" as a construct, this frame of reference, along with the tendency of European languages and Aristotelian logic to deal with "things" and "activators," results in the objectification of conceptual frames of reference. Behavior is subsequently considered as "caused" by the observer's construct, or frame of reference.

Using the concept of "hysteria" for purposes of illustration, Dr. Szasz treats this so-called "illness" as a type of adjustment to an otherwise intolerable situation.

As Judge Wright illustrates with his discussion of "insanity" that varies from the time of the alleged crime to the time of the trial, these special "adjustments" may only occur in certain situations or under extreme duress, *e.g.*, when all the "rational" methods are exhausted, morally forbidden, or unavailable. Rather than "well" enough, as Wright aptly illustrates in his closing remarks on *Lynch vs. Overholser*, liberty and due process are available only to those *wealthy* and *powerful* enough to protect themselves.

Richard Sand
University of Southern California

Deep in the Heart of Texas

Sirs:

On May 9, President Johnson completed his speaking tour of emphatic endorsement of civil rights, medicare, antipoverty. The Democratic Party of Travis County met in convention while the President was speaking in New York. This convention was attended by Senator Ralph Yarborough and Governor Connally. This convention, rigidly controlled by Governor Connally's forces, refused to permit to be placed before the delegates resolutions affirming support of President Johnson's civil

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For those who will follow the Democratic Convention on television, the Convention Book will be particularly meaningful.

CONTRIBUTORS

Among those contributing to the 1964 Democratic Convention Book are **JOHN STEINBECK,** Nobel Prize winner; **ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.** Pulitzer Prize winning historian.

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rights and medicare programs. Instead, the delegates of the convention – excluding those of us supporting Senator Yarborough and the President and his programs – passed an asinine resolution instructing delegates to the State Convention to elect delegates to the National Democratic convention who would hold out for a national platform acceptable to Texas and Texans.

President Johnson will have to finally show his hand at the state convention in Houston on June 16. If he stands with Senator Yarborough and Democrats who endorse his progressive legislation, he will solidify the support of all in the state except those who have voted Republican since 1952. If he stands with the conservatives, he will gratify Governor Connally.

His third alternative is to employ the techniques which were very necessary in the past to ensure his remaining in Washington as a Senator from Texas. Those techniques consisted of straddling the liberal/conservative chasm and remaining neutral on the crucial issues in Texas. This chasm is now impossibly wide. The issues have been clearly delineated. And there is not likely to be any considerable number of neutrals voting in Texas in November.

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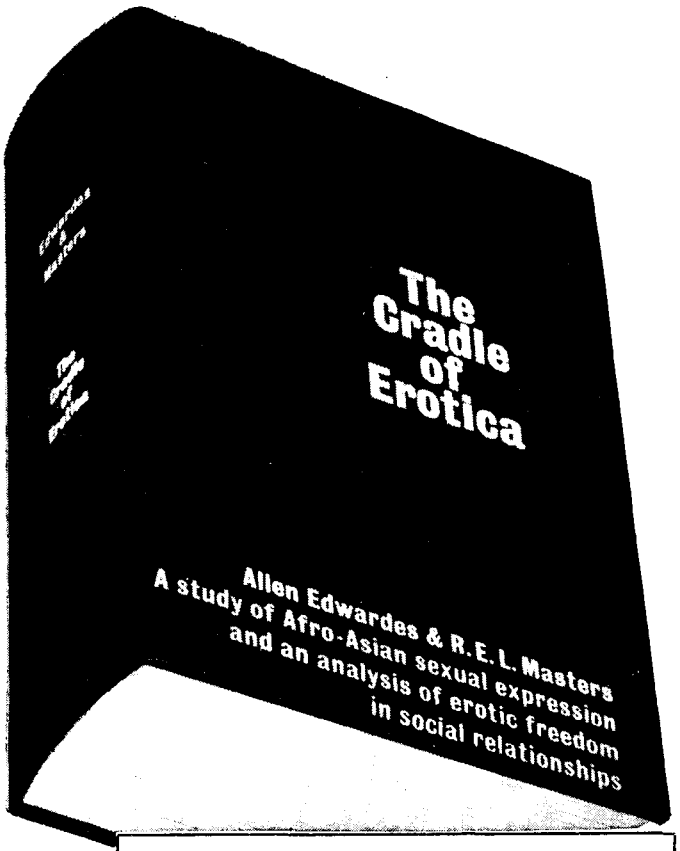
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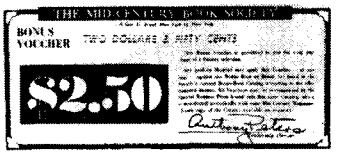

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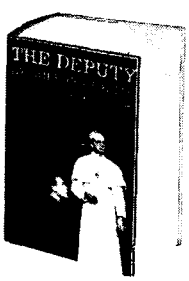

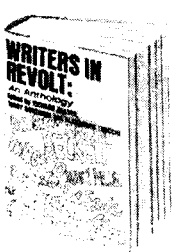

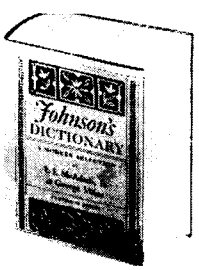

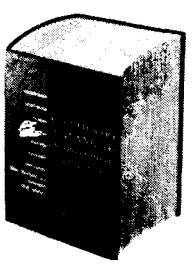

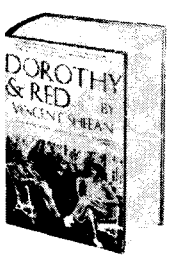

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